THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

Volume XVI | New York, Wednesday, October 19, 1932 | Number 25

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Previous issues of THE COMMONWEAL are indexed in the *Reader's Guide* and the *Catholic Periodical Index*.
Published weekly and copyrighted 1932, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single Copies: $.10.

AT A POLITICIAN'S BIER

IF THOSE who really know the inside of politics in New York City should be asked to state what was the chief, and the really determining, influence which prevented the nomination of former Mayor James J. Walker as the Democratic candidate in the special election for mayor to be held in November, and caused the selection of Mr. John P. O'Brien, there would be unanimous agreement that it was the sermon preached by Monsignor Chidwick at the funeral of Martin McCue, in St. Agnes Church, on September 22. The late Mr. McCue was a former state senator, who for ten years before his death had been the clerk of the Surrogate's Court. He was a man who had climbed out of the most humble and restricted conditions to a place in public life of a high and most honorable kind. Hundreds of political leaders of the nation, the state and the city, of both major parties, as well as leaders in many walks of life, were present in the church, among a greater crowd of humble folk, hundreds of whom had personal reasons for remembering the dead man with love and gratitude. Among the political leaders were those who had the power (and the responsibility) of naming the man who was to cccupy one of the greatest political offices in the United States, the mayoralty of New York City. Only a short time before, the former occupant of the office, James J. Walker, had resigned in the midst of the investigation of his conduct of his office being made by Governor Roosevelt, now the Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States. Upon resigning, Mr. Walker announced that he would seek vindication at the hands of the people of New York City, at the next election, by offering himself as a candidate for reëlection to the mayoralty. That Mr. Walker would be given the opportunity to do so by the leaders of the dominant section of the local Democratic organization was not questioned by those who best knew the relations between him and those leaders; nor did most qualified observers doubt that if he were given the nomination, he would win the election, in spite of the revelations of the investigation.

But standing before the bier of the dead politician who had served the public interest so faithfully, so honestly and so humanely all his long life, Monsignor Chidwick, in effect, pronounced also a funeral oration at the death-bed of Mr. Walker's hope again to be mayor of New York. It may be too sanguine an expectation to trust that he likewise uttered the death sermon over the grave of municipal misgovernment,

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and wanton waste of public funds, and scandalous neglect of public business—but certainly his words coincide with the uprising of a tide of determination in New York City, among men and women of all political parties, to work toward, and insist upon, better things.

Monsignor Chidwick, of course, made no direct allusion to any person, save the dead man whose virtues, whose integrity, he praised. But what he said was applied by his audience, and by the press of the city, and by thousands of individuals whom it cheered and inspired to action, and as one result—but there will be many other, and more important results—Mr. Walker was eliminated from the political arena of 1932. It goes without saying that if he had not been so eliminated, his presence therein, occasioning as it would necessarily have done, a struggle to the death between him and Governor Roosevelt, would in all probability lose New York's electoral votes to the Democratic presidential candidate, at a time when it seems certain that those votes would insure his election.

Important as this factor of the situation was, it is not, however, nearly so important as the issue of moral integrity in politics. For these reasons, the following words from Monsignor Chidwick's sermon, considering their immediate results, and the continuing influence which they are bound to have upon public life, constitute an historic document:

"Our public men should understand that as officials in our community, they are models and exemplars to our young, and the responsibility is theirs to do naught that will disedify or tend to corrupt the morals of our rising generation. This particularly finds emphasis in our democratic form of government wherein our young are taught to ambition the high gifts which the people have in their power to bestow upon them. If morality be a matter of indifference to the success of a public man, then it is apt to be disregarded by those who seek the honor with which he has been crowned.

"Democracy depends not only upon the intelligence, but upon the morality, of its electorate, and the morality of the electorate is, paradoxical as it might seem, derived from the leaders in the land. Those who are on top, are really the foundation upon which the morality of the United States is built. Sooner or later private morality finds expression in the public law, and the laws of the land reflect the morality of the country which mean the stability and perpetuation of our institutions in probity, in integrity, in justice, in purity, in the wholesomeness of private life and public virtue.

"Our deceased, strong and faithful in his duties in private life, was equally so in his public life. Unfortunately there are those who raised by a little honor, a little above their fellows, forget the people from whom they came. He never forgot the ordinary, common people and the poor. How nobly he fought for the widows and the orphans in the Assembly! How happy he was in the position in which his death found him where he could care for widows and orphans! Rough at times exteriorly, but most kind and gentle at heart, he held the love of all who knew him. It was this strength of character, this love of the poor, this sympathy with the needs and wants of the common people, that won for him the great popularity which he enjoyed in the district which he represented as leader, and which had chosen him again and again as its representative in our State Legislature. These same qualities, together with the keen intelligence, sharp wit and clever understanding, notwithstanding the disadvantage of lack of a higher education, brought him to the front of his party, and made him stand forth prominently among those of superior advantages in the Legislature. They together with his sensitive and highly emotional nature, which responded to the call of ideals that were noble and causes that were good, made him prominent among the orators of state and city, and accounts for this marvelous gathering here today of representative men of every party, from city, state and union, to pay a tribute of respect to the sacred remains of a former newsboy of the streets of New York before they shall be interred and lost to mortal sight forever.

"How eloquent he was; how fervent, true and sincere, his patriotism in denouncing those whom he thought were secretly working for the destruction of our country. He in whose veins ran the blood of one who had fought in the long Civil War and had bequeathed that blood to his son who fought in the World War on the fields of France, and who died finally from injuries there inflicted.

"He was straightforward, direct; knew nothing of turning corners, of camouflage, of deceit or insincerity. He was kindly, generous and self-sacrificing. He died as he lived, as poor almost as the day when first he entered public life. He pilfered no money from the public treasury, nor would he permit the slightest touch of graft to pollute his fingers. True to his church, notwithstanding the activities of his public life, faithful to her duties while a busy man of public affairs, found always at his place of a Sunday before the altar of God, frequently visiting the sacraments that he might be forgiven any wrong he did, and restored and encouraged to the better life to which he aspired, he lived a true Christian, and died a devoted Catholic.

"God gave him quite a long period of preparation. It was preparation of pain as well as prayer. It was a preparation that he took advantage of to make more certain his peace with God Almighty, and firmer his hold on eternity. How often upon my visit to him would he have me recite with him the Act of Contrition! It was so with every priest who visited him.

"There can be no doubt that the Good God who accepts the prayer of the penitent, received with joy these Acts of Contrition from a good soul who tried always, notwithstanding human weakness, to find favor in His sight, and it is with the utmost confidence that we can pray for the eternal salvation of his soul and say, 'May his soul and the souls of all the faithful departed rest in peace.' "

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WEEK BY WEEK

COMMENT on the lengthy report issued by the Lytton Commission has been uniformly favorable, and to our mind deservedly so. It is not the business of any group of investigators to legislate their views into binding rules; and regardless of whether the League of Nations can oblige the Japanese to do what it says, the report will stand as a fund of dependable information about conditions in the Far East. These conditions are of the greatest importance to the United States. They are potential sources of bitter rivalry between nations, and they control our national trade in one vast and fateful area. To the Lytton Commission the various nations had appointed men remarkably familiar with the subject under review, and it is significant that the representatives of both Great Britain and France voted for conclusions which their governments have not accepted in practice. We think that the most interesting passage in the report is the commentary on economic conditions in Manchuria. Referring to the great resources of the region, the commissioners declared that the "good-will and whole-hearted coöperation of the Chinese masses, which form the bulk of the population," is needed by any government which represents the "capital, technical skill and organization" supplied by Japan and other countries. Placing this limitation on the right of conquest, the report nevertheless avers that existing international treaties must be respected and enlarged. These treaties outline the especial privileges extended by convention to alien groups operating in China.

To the Point about Manchuria

THE PRACTICAL suggestions given are many, but the most significant are those which define the commission's idea of a workable Manchurian government. This government, organized to control the three Chinese eastern provinces and taking office in consonance with Sino-Japanese treaties outlining interests, non-aggression policies and commerce, would have constitutional authority to deal with foreign and domestic problems. It would be guided by a definite code of rules in its relations with the central Chinese government, and would be autonomous in so far as diplomatic actions dealt with in the projected declaration were concerned. Locally the chief function of this government would be to preserve law and order with the help of a gendarmerie independent of either Japanese or Chinese troops. This is, of course, not the first time that the League of Nations has attempted to draw up a constitution for a so-called "backward" country. But since the plan does not involve a mandate, it is relatively novel. Japan will doubtless make a consistent effort to thwart the purposes of the commission, and it remains to be seen whether either the League alone, or the League acting in consonance with the United States, has sufficient power to halt the military organization now in control at Tokyo.

OFFERING an exceptionally usable brief survey of the Inter-Allied debt problem, the Foreign Policy Association concludes that American public opinion has shown no tendency to concede that these debts might be cancelled, but that suggestions for downward revision have been greeted with increasing favor. The survey indicates that the chief argument now used by opponents of the reduction policy are based on the expenditures for armament which figure heavily in European budgets. Citizens of the United States feel that nations which can spend huge sums on armies and navies ought not to advertise their poverty. In all truth the comparison here is telling. During 1931, France devoted 27.4 of its budget for military purposes, while the scheduled war debt payments were only 2.1 percent. Italy and Poland spent even more proportionately. This means in practice that the French taxpayer contributed nearly ten dollars to national defense for every dollar he was supposed to surrender to the United States. It is not surprising, therefore, that the American citizen should fancy debt cancellation propaganda just another form of snipe hunting.

Those Baffling Debts

BUT OF course matters look very different from the European point of view. To this, expenditures for the army and navy do not appear to be dead losses. They are regarded as premiums paid on a national insurance policy, as contributions to stabilize the labor market, and as legitimate enterprises for business and industry. On the other hand, every dollar paid to square the accounts of the last war is lost, particularly since the trade policy of the United States insists upon both cash payments and export balances. Since it is felt that the American got rich enough as a result of the 1914-1918 fracas, Europeans easily conclude that he can better afford to take the consequences of Germany's inability to pay reparations than they themselves. Thus we are back again in the center of the familiar vicious circle. The extreme positions are these: Europe can choose to default, and the United States can decide not to remit a penny. Wisdom lies as always in the golden mean, and one of the chief tasks of the next administration in the domain of foreign policy will be to effect a workable compromise on this problem.

THE SHARPEST slump for more than a year occurred on the New York Stock Exchange the very day after President Hoover's very able and widely noticed address in Iowa. The New York *Times* said of this collapse: "The reactionary tendencies in the security and commodity markets coincided with the appearance of optimistic industrial summaries, including the midweek steel reviews, which pointed to a further increase in the rate of operations." Outlook rosy; performance bad. Has it, therefore,

Hoover Speaks

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been a Hoover market? The concurrence of circumstances was painful, and obvious. Wheat declined two cents a bushel and corn prices dropped to new low prices for the season. Other grains, as well as cotton, suffered in wide liquidation. There were varying guarded interpretations of this phenomenon in professional quarters. Some ascribed the reaction to the President's reëmphasis on the bad financial illness that the country has been through. His emphasis should have been on improvement in the future, they held. Still others observed that his defiant remarks on the tariff, with their suggestion of even higher rates if necessary to exclude practically all foreign importations, offered little hope of restored world economic peace, and little hope of the liquidation of American securities abroad or the improvement of their equities. One commentator suggested that Wall Street was convinced of the election of Mr. Roosevelt and did not wish to displease him or arouse the suspicions of the anti-Wall-Street elements in the country by seeming to favor Mr. Hoover's utterances with a good market. This last suggestion, we believe, is unworthy of serious comment; there may be something in the others of positive importance.

At Home in the United States

WHERE Manhattan's cloud-piercing towers proclaim one of the wonders of the world in man's alleged triumph over nature, 3 percent of the families own their own homes, it is reliably stated in one of the latest releases by the Director of the Census. In Brooklyn, not so leaping in its masonry, the conditions of the myriads who inhabit the stonework is better: 25 percent of the families own their own homes. The Bronx, which to the naked eye and without indulging in invidious comparisons, seems much the same as Brooklyn, oddly enough has only 10 percent of its families home-owners. In Queens, 45 percent are owner families and in Richmond, which is the borough that takes in Staten Island, 53 percent own their own homes. It is difficult to know what to say about this beyond an exclamation of surprise. It is amazing to have revealed such variations in the mores of communities which superficially have so little difference in the outward symbols of living on this globe—with the single exception, of course, of Manhattan Island that, most peculiar of the boroughs, is nevertheless the one most frequently thought of elsewhere in this country and abroad as simply "New York." It is equally amazing to contemplate that the cross-section of these varied boroughs that together are fairly representative of American cities in general, shows only 20 percent of the families own their homes. What is the significance? Are Americans a race of nomadic people? Is the pioneer instinct to keep moving, the immigrant's dream of the land of freedom and plenty, inclining 80 percent of our people to keep footloose so that at some time they may improve their condition, renew the dream by going from where they are to some place else. To the observer who judges things by outward appearances, this phenomenon would explain much of the lack of beauty of American cities, and much of the citizens' apparent carelessness in civic matters; for it is a reasonable conclusion that those who are content to stop and to create a home for themselves and for their children and children's children, excell in the patience for the long toil that makes beauty and for the sterner responsibilities that create decent, civilized living.

The Complete Tyranny

AN INDICATION of how the tide of intelligent public sentiment is being aroused and of how far prohibition fanaticism was carried, is furnished by recent political action in what was the very dry state of Alabama. Over the veto of the Governor, both Houses of the State Legislature have passed a bill legalizing the sale of near-beer. This fact called to our attention that Alabama had priorly a state law prohibiting anything that "looked like, tasted like, foamed like or smelled like beer." Here indeed was the spear point of the noble experiment. Imagine upholding the majesty of that law, without fear or favor dividing all things that looked like or foamed like beer from all good, still and un-amber colored things, keeping them back from the borders of the great state of Alabama with the aid of fierce, heavily armed sheriffs and police officers, and invading homes to see if the occupants were smelling anything like beer! Of course the taste is still prohibited, though cereal beverages called near-beer are allowed. It takes no more than average refinement in taste to distinguish between even indifferent real beer and the near article. And for more civilized appetites possessed by those who have not had to live in fear of the good things of this earth and their proper enjoyment, there are little refinements as between one beer and another which may be the sources of special satisfactions. We regret that these are yet reserved for foreign lands only; however, there are increasing signs of adult-mindedness at home.

Cow Out of Russia

A STORY that beguiled our youth had to do with one of Napoleon's sentries who saved the Emperor by interpreting literally the order, "Let no living thing pass tonight!" The faithful soldier shot down his own pet sheep-dog, that ambled across the line instead of halting upon command; and when he bent over the shaggy form to pay it the meed of a farewell tear, lo, it was not his sheep-dog at all, but an enemy spy sewn up in his sheep-dog's skin. We liked this story, though we took it for a story, and we still believe it was only a story. But now life, as in Oscar Wilde's formula, has caught up with art, and the story has become a fact. With due variations, of course. The Russian university student who slipped across the Polish frontier recently was not trying to get in, but to get out. He was not bent on assassination but, pre-

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sumably, on saving his own skin—let our parlor radicals who find the millennium in the Soviets, say from what. Anyway, he got out disguised as a cow, if news despatches can be believed. The Soviet guards saw him go without concern, and the Polish guards saw him come without interest, for he had been able to make himself up somehow as a ruminant bovine quadruped. Perhaps the nights are very dark on the border. Perhaps he is an uncommonly large student. Or perhaps the Russo-Polish cows are uncommonly small cows.

Horse Racing versus Football

MR. HENRY S. PRITCHETT, sometime president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and later of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, suggests in the October *Atlantic* that it would surely be highly beneficial to education in the first terms of our college years if we could have a substitute for football that would not absorb quite so much of the time and interest of the students, would not cause quite so many fatalities (we must not forget that some forty young fellows died last year as the result of football injuries) and yet would at the same time stimulate the assemblage of crowds of young folks of both sexes, who would attend no matter what the weather was, and would not fail to draw large sums of money which would enable their Alma Maters to devote immense funds to the encouragement of other branches of athletics and for other university purposes. There is only one spectacle in our time that draws crowds nearly as great as those attending a football game between two of the major colleges. By major of course is meant those colleges that are willing to devote more time and interest to football than to anything else during this season of the year. That spectacle is a prize-fight. But unfortunately prize-fighting is barred as a substitute because of the danger of serious injury involved in it, though its victims are not nearly as numerous as those of football. After these two the greatest drawing-card, sure to bring large paying crowds even in times of depression and serious unemployment, is horse racing. And so Mr. Pritchett proposes to substitute horse racing for the annual football battles.

THERE is one serious difficulty the suggestion would have to meet and that is that so many of the universities have now built a large, expensive stadium and these could scarcely be used for horse racing. A Japanese visitor to this country recently said that an American university is a stadium with a group of educational buildings around it. Surely the gentlemen of the engineering courses and architectural department could find some *modus vivendi* by which the stadium might be used or at least some portion of it. The horse race provides the three essentials: it would attract crowds of paying spectators, it could undoubtedly be made to invoke at least the semblance of college rivalry—as Mr. Pritchett says, "Think what a pot of money a Yale-Harvard horse race would attract"—it could be readily so ordered that graduates and undergraduates could bet their money on results without difficulty. Of course we cannot hope that the substitution would be made this year, for the football season is already on and the schedules are filled, but after we have been sobered up by the football deaths of this season, on toward the end of the year, we surely might hope that this suggestion would be taken seriously. There are many other advantages that might be urged for the change, but at this time we want only to prepare peoples' minds for the question.

DIAGNOSING UNEMPLOYMENT

THE SPECTER of insecurity which now frightens every other American family out of its wits has various causes, but the most important is surely unemployment. It may be argued, of course, that the decline of values and wages which the past three years have inevitably brought implies more serious economic damage to the average citizen than does the current shortage of work. Yet obviously it is the final calamity of nothing to do which, striking after all havens of refuge have been destroyed, does incomparable harm to men and those dependent upon them. A civilization like ours in the United States prefers individual self-help to all forms of social insurance. Charity is here the only cushion against which the victim of the blows of fortune can fall back.

Accordingly the question arises: is the principle of self-help tenable under the industrial conditions now obtaining? If experience shows that a large percentage of the population loses its grip on work and wealth, the conclusion can only be that some feasible remedy must be found for their plight. For this percentage cannot be shunted off from the rest of us, like a caste of pariahs. It stays put, exerting pressure upon the labor market as a whole, spreading the virus of insecurity through the whole social order, and badly affecting the mechanics of producing and selling. And so, even if we should refuse to be moved by our moral consciences to give earnest attention to the problem, concern for the general well-being alone would compel us to realize that unemployment is a very ominous disaster.

But what is unemployment? The person who looks at the throng now out of work and is then moved to blame this ghastly parade of woes upon greed or some such causes sees a part of the phenomenon and a part of the truth. But though education and the grace of God may accomplish something during the next ten thousand years, there is no discernible present escape from human nature into Utopia. Yes, Soviet Russia may become one solid boom town, with Mayor Stalin parcelling out shoes and sausages to the laborious bees. But all this does not seem to any American conscious of his own national ideals a desirable cure for anything. It is all fearfully remote and unreal, like Mr.

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Philip Ainsworth Means's idea of the Inca Empire, which he looks upon as a veritable paradise since there was neither money—nor money madness—in it.

Nor do more detailed estimates of joblessness tell us a great deal. Technology? To be sure, the machine does ever so many things for us which human labor might otherwise perform, and it is besides so expensive that the capital investment it requires adds to costs. But has anybody succeeded in estimating just how much actual human labor opportunity would be gained if the work of the Edisons were undone? Doubtless a purely agrarian society might have to summon all hands to dig its sustenance out of the soil, but there is little danger that the world will voluntarily go back to that. Do we need a shorter working day? Or is the fact that unequal distribution of wealth is at fault? There is doubtless something positive to be said in answer to all these queries. But we shall not get very far with them until we are able to determine what unemployment actually is.

The depression of 1929 caught America napping. There were no dependable labor statistics. One man's guess was as good as another's. But during the past two years, a number of excellent studies and investigations have added so much to our possible knowledge of the situation that a few conclusions at least tentatively concrete may soon be expected. One such study is "The Incidence of Work Shortage," a report based on data gathered in New Haven, Connecticut, during the summer of 1931, under the direction of Margaret H. Hogg of the Russell Sage Foundation. This inquiry was strictly limited to the business at hand. Nothing was done to ascertain whether the wage scale of New Haven has been disproportionately low, or whether the abnormal war years had effected an unnatural concentration of working families. The investigators, limiting themselves to a fair sample of the population, set out to learn who was working and who was not.

Some of the results are most interesting. No résumé of the report can be attempted here, and we shall of course have to stress only those points which are of interest to ourselves. First: in this group, 15 percent of the males above fourteen were not gainful workers, the majority being at school, while about a third were either pensioned, retired, unable to work or ineligible. Of the gainful workers, slightly more than 75 percent were actually employed, though about one-sixth of these were getting less than full pay. The figures for women are naturally different. Of these only one-third were gainful workers; somewhat less than three-tenths were gainfully employed. That is the general picture.

Second: closer investigation of these figures reveals many significant facts. Is the family as a social unit faring proportionately well? Here the answer is a decided no. About 55 percent of all the families investigated reported all their earners at work on the usual time. Only 7 percent suffered from having all earners idle. The rest were afflicted either by partial joblessness or part time employment. But—the totally idle families had more than their percentage of children, while the families having normal work had less than their percentage. That means, in this instance, that relatively "foreign" workers were suffering from a special disability. In like manner the greater number of idle workers were found among families suffering at least partly from loss of work. The report itself concludes: "On the one hand, the percentage of families with all earnings cut off is less than the percentage of individual earners who are idle. On the other hand, the percentage of families with income curtailed by idleness of at least some earners is much higher than the ordinary idleness figure for earners. That is, the most acute problem of work shortage for families, that of loss of all earned income, is *less* prevalent among families than idleness is among individuals; but the problem presented to families by loss of income of at least one earner is *more* prevalent among families than idleness is among individuals." All of which means that the time-honored system of diversifying the family's labor is being put to a severe test.

Now what do these figures seem to imply? In our opinion they indicate that while the misfortune of unemployment is a fearful one always, the final social test is family welfare. That 7 percent of all families in a city like New Haven—which is, indeed, probably better off than many other American communities of the same size—should be left utterly without means to earn a livelihood is an appalling fact which challenges the national life as nothing of the kind has ever done before. Here are reservoirs of privation, of despair, of anti-social emotion from which evil must eventually come. Of course community aid is dispensed to these families first of all, but as now organized such aid frequently demoralizes as well as helps. And if we go on to hold that 7 percent of all families in all industrial cities—that is, one family out of every fifteen—are similarly incapacitated, what a picture rises before our eyes. And if we add that only one out of every two families have their normal share of work, despite wage cuts, the truth begins to appear. A society which looks at those facts knows that in the long run, unless conditions change radically, its conception of economics is doomed. It cannot maintain an undistributed wealth while half of the people are sinking even beneath the level of the European proletariat.

The time has come to think, to organize and to act. Sound social engineering on the basis of the known social facts is that for which every citizen who believes in the future of American institutions must speak and work without flagging. Here again the words of the encyclical are appropriate: "Unless human society forms a truly social and organic body, unless labor be protected in the social and juridical order, unless the various forms of human endeavor, dependent one upon the other, are unified in mutual harmony and mutual support, unless, above all, brains, capital and labor combine together for common effort, man's toil is bootless."

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THE AUTUMN OF DISCONTENT

BY CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

Holding that the issue of the campaign is hard times and that Mr. Roosevelt, as the Democratic candidate, has busily stressed this issue, Mr. Thompson now examines the probable effect upon voters who formerly supported Republicanism or did not cast a ballot. "There are," he says, "two kinds of Republicans, conservative and progressive." At first the Democrats tried to appeal to both varieties, but of late they seem to have decided upon a forthright appeal to the liberals. Speculating upon the response with which this appeal has met in various states, our commentator brings the story up to the minute.—The Editors.

WHAT will elect Roosevelt and Garner in November, if, as seems likely, they will be elected, is discontent. The discontent is over the hard times, which are nation-wide and felt by everybody. Hoover is blamed for causing them, and will be punished by millions of Republican votes, as well, of course, as by the normal Democrats. In addition, many who have never registered before are going to vote this time, and that can mean only one thing: they intend to get their revenge on Hoover.

Mr. Roosevelt, in his stumping tour, was wide awake enough to see this, and all his speeches, on whatever subject, were devoted to capitalizing this widespread discontent. It was the same whether he spoke on the tariff, the railroads, agriculture or anything else, and he took up many subjects, including what the local conditions were in the different places where he spoke. At first it was determined to have Mr. Garner make no speeches, because of the ill effect of his former public utterances, but this plan was changed—perhaps because of the vigorous campaign being waged by his opponent, Mr. Curtis, and the tactical inference likely to be drawn from his silence.

At the outset, because of the protest against his "forgotten man" speech and ex-Governor Smith's excoriation of "demagogues," Mr. Roosevelt countered by appealing to the East as well as the West. But as the campaign went on, he seemed to have determined to put all his eggs in one basket, and toward the close of his campaign he appealed only to the West. In so doing, his appeal was to the liberal part of it. As it neared its end, the speeches were quite openly directed to the Republicans and to the liberal and discontented element. This was good tactics. His advisers were sure of the Democratic vote and were desirous only of picking up disgruntled Republicans. Normally, there are 5,000,000 more Republicans than Democrats in the country, so a good many Republicans had to be won over to assure a majority.

There are two kinds of Republicans, conservative and progressive, and Roosevelt had to choose between them. And first he seemed to woo the conservative Republicans, but as his campaign went on, his advisors appeared to have counseled him that there would be more profit in appearing only as a progressive or liberal. At any rate, that is what he did. Whether he will stick to the same tone when he reaches the East, which he will do toward the end of the campaign, belongs to the realm of prophecy. Normally the campaign is pretty well over by that time and most people have already made up their minds how to vote. It takes a good deal to change them.

The desertion of the East by both parties could not have been predicted at the time of the conventions. That section was expected to be the battleground, but if there is any fighting to be done there it will be toward the close of the campaign. Another surprise is the appearance of Pennsylvania as a doubtful state. Vice-President Curtis opened his campaign there, an unprecedented thing. And the Democrats are counting on carrying Pittsburgh, to say nothing of other places.

From Pennsylvania Mr. Curtis was hurried to the border states, and that was another surprise. The border states were counted as surely Democratic, and yet Curtis, who was at that time the biggest gun in the Republican battery, was rushed to Kentucky, Tennessee and West Virginia, as if those states were in doubt and debatable ground. Tennessee is certainly in a turmoil and likely to go Republican—at least on the state ticket, though the hard times may carry it for Roosevelt.

There is no use talking, only one question is being considered, and that is the hard times, for which Hoover is blamed. The slow advance is mostly in the East, and the farmer is about where he was in June. This may account for the Middle West being the battlefield of both parties. Nothing more significant has been seen than the farmers' strike in Iowa. Theoretically it is non-partizan, but it is directed at Hoover and the votes it represents will be Democratic. Iowa is mentioned because since the Civil War it has been almost invariably Republican, the typical Republican state. It is so badly split now that there are three candidates for senator, one of whom used to pose as a Republican.

If this is the case in Iowa, what shall be said of other states? The conservatives won by a whooping majority in the Republican primary in Wisconsin, and conservative Republicans gleefully hailed it as a good sign. That is because they do not know anything about the Wisconsin law. Under it Democrats can vote in Republican primaries, and for thirty years they and the Socialists have been doing it. That was because neither of the secondary parties had a chance of carrying the November election, and preferred to cast their votes in the primary where it would do the Republicans the most harm. The same law exists in other states.

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On the other hand, California is in doubt. It is an enormous state, where one section differs from another very greatly. Southern Calfornia is dry and consequently unfavorable to McAdoo, who is credited with bringing about Roosevelt's nomination. It is also unfriendly to Senator Hiram Johnson, and when Roosevelt appeared in California all the talk was about his support by Johnson and McAdoo. It must not be forgotten that when Wilson squeezed through in 1916, it was by an almost infinitesimal plurality cast in California; and, contrary to the universal patter, it was not Johnson who turned that trick.

Some of Roosevelt's talk in the West has been so liberal as to exceed the "forgotten man" which led Smith to talk about "demagogues" without mentioning names. For example, in New Mexico he said among other things: "We are very certain these days that the Democratic party is progressive. More and more it becomes clear that our party represents liberal ideals, and more and more we are convinced that there is not room in this country for two parties, both conservative." This phrase is not merely the idea of the Socialists, it is their very language, word for word. They and the Communists have repeated it over and over again. It is a commonplace with them. It is so familiar that it has been dropped from the vocabularies of Norman Thomas and William Z. Foster. Whether such phrases continue in Mr. Roosevelt's vocabulary toward the end of the campaign, when he will be in the East, remains to be seen, but it is as likely as unlikely.

At any rate, it is good politics in a year in which everybody is disposed to vote against everything that is. How far this disposition is carried is shown by the fact that in one community a petition has been circulated pledging those who signed it to vote against every office-holder, Republican or Democrat, from President down to county officials.

It was this unprecedented status that caused Hoover to do an unprecedented thing. He is the first President who ever took the stump to argue for his own reëlection. Hitherto every President has regarded himself as the President of the whole people, not as a party leader, and has stuck to the White House as soon as he was renominated. There are writers who say that Taft and Wilson violated this precedent, but they did not. As long as Taft could regard himself as merely the Republican leader, he felt justified in stumping the primaries; but the moment he was renominated he withdrew into the White House shell and stayed there. Wilson took the stump, but not after his renomination. Before it he made speeches of a nonpartizan character dealing with the war situation.

Therefore Hoover has set a precedent. It is significant that he began his few speeches in Iowa, the center of discontent and of the corn belt. It is also noticeable that he did not confine himself to the farm question alone, but went into a general defense of his administration, and in particular that he emphasized his success in keeping this country on the gold standard when other nations were being ravaged off it. Most noticeable of all is the seriousness with which he spoke, and the respect with which his utterances were generally received. This is true even in the center of discontent, much more in the East.

In nothing is the patchwork character of this campaign more emphasized than in the way which local occurrences have affected it. In all campaigns there are local fights, but they do not play a great part in affecting the Presidency. In this year of cross-purposes, it almost seems as if nothing could be too small to add its pound to the presidential scales on one side or the other. Actually, the judicial deal between Tammany and the Republican party in New York City is having its influence, though in ordinary years it would seem to be a small matter touching only Hofstadter and a few others.

Much more does the mix-up resulting from the Seabury investigation reach beyond New York and into all the states. At first Judge Seabury did not even ask for Mayor Walker's removal. Changes became kaleidoscopic. After Walker's resignation they were so rapid that in no long time the question was becoming whether Tammany Hall could maintain its long dominance of New York or the Bronx should overturn it. The Bronx had only been a part of New York City for thirty-seven years, and before that was mostly farm lands. The national significance of this is that old New York is bossed by Tammany under Curry, and that the Bronx is bossed by Flynn. Flynn is for Roosevelt, and Curry has always been against him. Upon the result of this tussle may therefore depend whether Roosevelt gets a wholehearted support from New York or is badly cut there, as has hapepned to Democratic presidential candidates before. The importance of this can be seen from the fact that the bulk of the Democratic vote in New York State is New York City's. Outside the city the state is reckoned as republican. On so small a matter, as it seemed at first, may forty-seven electoral votes finally swing for Hoover or Roosevelt in this year of discontent.

Wherever we look, the year is one of discontent. The situation is further complicated by the fact that the ex-service men do not agree among themselves about the prepayment of the bonus. The American Legion voted for it ten to one, but soon after an organization of veterans was formed to fight it. It is an inter-state organization, but it was formed in the South. How far it will extend and how great its influence may be is a matter of speculation, but it is reasonably certain to have a great many civilians behind it. President Hoover and ex-Governor Smith have declared against the bonus, and this organization of soldiers will probably give others the courage to take a similar stand. At least the Southern movement seems to have the effect of taking the bonus out of the list of issues between the Democratic and Republican parties, where formerly it had been a very threatening one.

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MR. ELIOT RETURNS

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

THOSE of us who are antiquated enough to have progressed from irregular verbs to Demosthenes and Juvenal in the belief that so we were being educated have watched with no little interest the fortunes of Mr. T. S. Eliot. Few younger literary men write of the classics with so much self-assurance, or of their own age with so much apparent authority. It was his poem of disillusionment, as unintelligible as the times themselves, which easily became the battle hymn of the post-war intelligentsia republic. And now it is also his criticism, anti-romantic and judicial in temper, which seems to many young men the essence of an improved attitude toward letters. Finally Mr. Eliot, having become a royalist and an Anglo-Catholic, so vigorously approved the aesthetic philosophy of Jacques Maritain that many suppose they have found in him the example of how a reintegration of literature and religion can be effected. Accordingly it is helpful to receive from Messrs. Harcourt, Brace and Company a volume of Eliot's "Selected Essays," on the eve of the return of their author to this country as guest lecturer at Harvard.

We shall look at this volume less in order to review the many fine things it contains than to draw from it, if we can, the trend of thought which seems to have been the essayist's concern. This thought we shall then ourselves discuss objectively, not because we are devoid of fondness for it (which is hardly the case) but because our understanding of philosophic ideas naturally begins with the notion that culture is a *complexio oppositorum*. Such a fundamental conception is this that, I think, it needs all the emphasis it can get, particularly from those whose approach to all cultural realities is through the Christian faith. For, whatever else may be said of man's apprehension of that faith or of the world in the light of that faith, one fact seems indubitably true: it begins with a dialectic dealing first with the wonderfully many-sided, inseparably coherent, often seemingly paradoxical lessons on the values which are contained in the teaching of Our Lord, and it proceeds to that ceaselessly varied debate between the individual and God which forms the spiritual history of Western man and is an intimate part of the vitality of our time. Anyone who has ever truly realized the existence and meaning of this dialectic will never be willing to put blind trust in any one set of humanistic conclusions. He will know that, though a superficial glance may seem to prove the opposite, the fundamental difference between orthodoxy and heresy is to be found in the fact that the first is committed to the maxim, "One man's meat is another man's poison."

The essence of the Catholic apprehension of man is, I believe, to be found here. Man is free excepting in the presence of reality. A fact cannot be victoriously fought (and of course "ideas" in the Platonic sense may also be facts), whether it be met in Revelation, in the moral life or in physics. But of the constructions of the intellect and the emotions the best that can be said is that they may seem to be facts. How could they be more? Outside of certain very narrowly drawn limits, logic is a business of guessing. To be sure, that is worth while. The significance of facts is often revealed only when they have been strung together. What a vast amount of comprehension do we not all owe to the chain of causality! And yet, this chain is only relatively taut. To take a more literary instance, there is the sum-total of the phenomena described by the word "Romanticism." It is exceedingly doubtful whether any first-rate poet of the early nineteenth century was conscious of being romantic. Certainly Wordsworth thought he was returning to the same methods and diction of Milton and Shakespeare, in an age when English poetry was buried under artificialities. But today the word "romantic" is something like a strong thread on which we can hang a sequence of events and writings which taken by themselves would be difficult to relate to our modern world. But that the thread itself is of only tentative value is shown by the fact that it is all things to all men. Now I think the last-named circumstance of primary importance. A given phenomenon loosely associated with the term "romantic" may or may not be disreputable; but there is no theory of Romanticism which can automatically and decisively give us the answer.

These truths—let us boldly term them truths—may serve as a convenient prelude to the discussion of Eliot. To a certain extent he himself endorses them, as when for instance he stresses the value of such criticism as arouses us to a comprehension of facts. Nevertheless he looks upon literature "not as a collection of the writings of individuals, but as 'organic wholes,' as systems in relation to which, and only in relation to which, individual works of literary art, and the works of individual artists, have their significance." Such "organic wholes" he insists upon because only so, to his mind, can there be established a tradition affording "something outside of the artist to which he owes allegiance." Consciously or otherwise the creative or critical genius must surrender to this "something outside." "The progress of an artist," says Eliot, "is a continual self-sacrifice, a continual extinction of personality." His explanation of how this is done is highly interesting, blending as it does Dilthey and Babbitt in an analogy which is one of the striking things in the book. Here it is: take oxygen and sulphur dioxide; add a filament of platinum; the result is sulphurous acid, with the platinum intact. In like manner the poet's mind is the platinum; feeling and emotion are the chemicals. It is, as must

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be carefully observed, a *poetic* mind; and its own especial aloofness and creative function are developed, in the mature great poet, to the point where it resembles the isolated majesty of a queen bee.

This view, however, leads us immediately to another point—the autonomy of art. Today every form of human activity is becoming autonomous. The "realm of values," aloof, serene and self-sufficing, is perhaps the best example. There are countless others. The German political scientist, Karl Schmidt, has recently written a book to prove the autonomy of politics. It was, no doubt, Jacques Maritain who first formulated the doctrine of the autonomy of art on a firm philosophic basis. Anyhow here is Eliot's version: "I doubt whether belief proper enters into the activity of a great poet, qua poet. That is, Dante, qua poet, did not believe or disbelieve the Thomist cosmology or theory of the soul; he merely made use of it, or a fusion took place between his initial emotional impulses and a theory, for the purpose of making poetry. The poet makes poetry, the metaphysician makes metaphysics, the bee makes honey, the spider secretes a filament." And in the celebrated article on Dante, it is argued that one may enjoy this poet to the full without sharing his beliefs.

Unfortunately we cannot, in the brief space available here, illustrate these findings more richly. Instead we shall retrace our steps. The poet (according to Eliot) may be conceived of as a man who starts with his personal emotions but ends with that "objective emotion" which we term the poetical. He must be able to start and to finish, but what he does otherwise is beside the point. Thus Eliot breaks a lance for Dryden. Holding that modern objections to this great master are based on a mistaken "repugnance for the material out of which Dryden's poetry is built," he declares that Dryden is distinguished principally for his poetic ability. It might be contended here that Eliot goes rather far in making a case for Dryden's material, as when he argues that the moral attitude of Restoration drama is impeccable because it laughs at human nature for failing to practise Christian morality. We should, I believe, hold that fighting the devil with this particular brand of fire was like resorting to arson as a remedy for the fleas of Spain. But the matter is of no great moment. We must put a far graver question: is this interpretation of poetry the right one?

Immediately there is raised the whole problem of what the Germans call *Gehalt* and *Gestalt,* for which we have only the relatively meaningless equivalent terms of form and matter. Notice that Eliot does not mean to imply that Dryden succeeds by form. He holds that what makes him great is his poetry—i.e., that which is the poetic essence expressed, and perhaps realized, through the form. Now there is a great deal in this point of view. It and all the other appeals to autonomy call attention to the complexity of human perception and cognition, emphasizing the truth that our approach to reality is through no one faculty alone. When the Abbé Brémond called attention to "pure poetry," he was wisely inspired (despite the lengths to which he pushed his thesis) to show how imperfectly mere intellectual activity deals with the cosmos. But the trouble with all this reasoning is its extreme modernity. No evidence whatever exists to show that the Italy of Dante's time read the "Divine Comedy" in a mood of indifference to what the poet believed or thought. Shakespeare's significance to mankind has perennially gone up or down according to changing estimates of the value of what he had to say. Nor was it the seventeenth century which read Dryden for his "poetic ability," irrespective of the subject-matter of his poems. And I think that even those who read Dante in our time are, when unable to accept his beliefs, given to read into his cantos meanings of a relatively symbolistic kind which seem valuable to themselves.

It is precisely in the Dante essay, so admirable in many ways, that Eliot pushes this reasoning to questionable conclusions. The argument that the immortal Florentine is "in one sense, extremely easy to read" because his Italian is close to mediaeval Latin which in turn was a language which "tended to concentrate on what men of various races could think together" is, of course, correct from one point of view. The separate growths of modern vernaculars have complicated miserably the terminology of language, science and criticism. But it is pretty obvious that one of our modern vernaculars may not be as from far another as any is from mediaeval Latin. When I hear Eliot saying that "more is lost in translating Shakespeare into Italian than in translating Dante into English," I am moved to remark that we will have to find the version of the "Divine Comedy," in any alien tongue, which will compare with the Schlegels' translation of Shakespeare. Nor is the story much different when we consider the content of Dante. Indeed, Eliot moves one to wonder whether his interpretation of the intent and doctrine of the immortal Italian might not be as well applied to "Gulliver's Travels" as to the Inferno, the Purgatorio and the Paradiso. It is certainly Dean Swift who possesses to the full the qualities here insisted upon of clarity, universal intelligibility, allegory and diction. Which means: the suppression of what is mysterious, tentative, "romantic" in Dante, suggests not the classicism of mediaevalism (if such a phrase be allowable) but the best mood of the eighteenth century.

One fears that all too vigorous attempts to establish a single "classical" style in literature must lead to some such impasse. For on the one hand: if we can fully enjoy a poet regardless of what he believes, then it must inevitably follow—in spite of verbal subterfuges —that it does not matter either what the poet believes (which is a pretty "romantic" conclusion, in the evil sense). And if the highest import of a tradition is to have established a kind of lofty tight rope on which a succession of great minds perform, reading (and with it criticism) necessarily becomes an abandonment of interest in the concrete for the sake of fascinating ab-

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stractions of one kind or other. That is a very interesting exercise but it has, I think, little enough to do with literature. Thus there is also an art of war, practised by soldiers as different as Caesar, Napoleon and Ludendorff. Nevertheless though the art, as being a tradition, is profoundly valuable, the success of any one of these depends upon his ability to match his skill against conditions and circumstances never previously encountered. It would not have occurred to Napoleon to feel, in the manner which Eliot attributes to Murry, that his own mind alone was the decisive factor. And yet he knew that it was a very immediate and especial contact between this mind and both reality and tradition which counted. Can we afford to think differently of the poets? It seems to me that Eliot's artistic epistemology is far too simple to fit in with the mystery of life. Testing it, I find the following comment on Pater's "Marius the Epicurean": "I do not believe that Pater, in this book, has influenced a single first-rate mind of a later generation." Well, it is possibly a little difficult to catalogue the great minds since 1894; but among the several sizable ones I happen to know personally is that of Heinrich Bruening, whom even Eliot might well regard with some indulgence. At any rate, it is as easy to misread Pater by the light of some generalization as it is difficult to estimate him as a single, given personality. Would it not be better, after all, to essay the study of such personalities, as Gundolf for instance does, than to make things too simple for oneself with a theory?

Nevertheless, many parts of this book are amazingly stimulating. The essays on the Elizabethans, from Shakespeare to Cyril Tourneur, are so good that they seem to form a permanently valuable addition to English criticism. Similarly the Dante study, while arousing in one reader the protests summarized above, is often an illuminating guide toward that "something of rapture" which mysteriously gives life to verse. Finally, in such papers as that on Bradley, Eliot proves able to discuss ethical and philosophic problems with robust intelligence. Such work needs no compliment. It is, I think, so fine a challenge to flippancy and especially to sloth that one must hope there will be a wide and alert audience for "Selected Essays."

ONE CATHOLIC DAILY

By STUART D. GOULDING

WHAT we seek often lies at our feet. For years Catholic clergy and laity, bishops, priests, writers, newspapermen, have held forth at length on the necessity for a great Catholic daily newspaper in the secular field which would reflect Catholic opinion and lead Catholic thought. The *Catholic Daily Tribune,* excellent in its own manner, was not what these men had in mind. Much of the agitation has been Utopian in character; many of the dreams have been little but dreams. Consciously or unconsciously, the justly famous *Christian Science Monitor* with its national circulation, its international reputation and its financial independence has served as an ideal. Always the thought has been of a newspaper national in scope.

Without doubt such an ideal will be reached in the future, but the present is our immediate concern. And there is an achievement in the daily field which may serve as a model for immediate Catholic action. For while most of us have dreamed, another has worked and in the heart of Puritan New England has created with his own hands and brains a truly Catholic daily.

The city of Springfield, Massachusetts, lies in the broad Connecticut Valley nearly thirty miles above Hartford and more than fifty miles from Worcester. Whether it was the climate, the terrain or the broadness of the great valley, the Puritans of this section throughout history have seemed less austere and more broad-minded than their Boston brethren. The Catholic settlers who came later likewise seem to have taken on much of the character of the country, with the result that Catholics and Protestants have not experienced that bitterness in their relations with one another which has existed in some parts of the country.

Early in the nineteenth century the Springfield *Republican* was founded by the first of three editors to bear the name of Samuel Bowles. During Civil War days this publication rose to national prominence, a prominence it still enjoys under the fourth Bowles, Sherman. During the years since the founding of the *Republican,* the influence of the Catholic Church in western Massachusetts has grown apace. A second great newspaper in this section during these times was the Springfield *Union*; a third, the Springfield *Daily News*.

Thirty-one years ago a young graduate of Holy Cross College, John B. Callaghan, became a member of the staff of this third paper, then owned by the Bellamy family. Partly because the publisher was sympathetic toward labor, and partly because the two other dailies had preëmpted other fields, the *Daily News* became the organ of labor in western Massachusetts. Eventually Mr. Callaghan rose to the position of editor and when, eighteen years ago, the paper became the property of the Bowles family, he retained his post.

From the beginning Mr. Callaghan imparted to his newspaper something of his own Catholic spirit. Under his editorial direction Catholic news received its first real recognition, while his interpretation of Catholic movements went far toward explaining to non-Catholics events other newspapers seemed to leave unexplained. This has been appreciated and, while there never has been a statement of policy, the Catholic spirit of the *Daily News* has received tacit recognition.

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Happily for a continuance of this policy, the *Daily News* has proved to be a commercial success. Even in these depression times it leads the other Springfield papers in advertising linage and in circulation. Thus at all times it has demonstrated to its owners that its Catholic policy has not been detrimental in a financial way.

On the editorial page the Catholic spirit of the *Daily News* has been shown in no uncertain manner. Always a champion of labor, it has been permeated for years with the spirit of the labor encyclical of Pope Leo XIII and recently with the "Quadragesimo Anno" of Pope Pius XI. During the Ku Klux Klan disturbances of the last decade it fought a winning battle against the prejudice that organization stirred up in the Connecticut Valley. During the 1928 national campaign it ran to ground and disproved many rumors in the whispering campaign against Alfred E. Smith. Controversial matters involving the Church it has explained to its readers' satisfaction. At all times it has maintained a war on poverty and has championed the cause of the weak and the poor.

With the rise of the Church in importance in western Massachusetts, its news has been duly recorded with both fairness and accuracy by the *Daily News*. But the editor has never allowed his interest in Catholic activities to unbalance his "news sense," and has never permitted non-Catholic news of importance to be "played down" with the view of affording a Roman holiday. This fairness in keeping his newspaper free of bias toward the Church has been quite as important as his just treatment of it, and has forestalled at all times criticism of his policies. The social page, which in most New England dailies contents itself with items regarding "old families," is open to Catholics, Protestants and Jews alike.

The regard with which Catholics in western Massachusetts hold the *Daily News* was admirably set forth by the Reverend Frank Connor, rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, Springfield, when in an address before the Knights of Columbus, he said, "The Springfield papers all have been most generous in according us space, but none reflects the Catholic attitude as does the *Daily News*." Appreciation from another quarter was expressed by a Ku Klux Klan speaker when, in a public address in Springfield some years ago, he said, "No matter what the *Daily News* says about us in its editorial columns, it always gives us a decent 'break' in the news pages." These two tributes sum up the public attitude toward the *Daily News'* policy.

Were it not for the liberal sentiments of the publishers of the paper, to be sure, little could have been accomplished by Mr. Callaghan or anyone else. It is to the credit of the Bowles family, and especially to the present publisher, Sherman Bowles, that they have seen the good wisdom of permitting their editor a free hand with his paper. In justice to that editor it may also be said that without abusing this privilege he has seen in it both his opportunity and his limitation.

But this is not a mere eulogy. The Springfield *Daily News* is chiefly valuable for Catholics outside its immediate sphere of influence as a model for other Catholic newspapermen in their attempt to create a Catholic daily press with the material at hand. Until such a time as a Catholic newspaper of national scope comes into existence it is imperative that Catholic opinion have an outlet. Every Catholic is cognizant of the attitude of the secular daily press by and large. All too often Catholic news is misrepresented, misinterpreted and "played down." Even in large centers of population where there are large bodies of Catholics, it is the opinion of many that non-Catholic and neo-pagan news is featured to excess.

While the New York dailies in particular have been most generous of late years in reporting utterances of the Pope, especially his encyclicals, other Catholic news has been subordinated to other-denominational and secular news. Especially have editorial columns depreciated or, what is worse, ignored the Catholic Church. "The church has failed," is a favorite expression of editors when matters of divorce, birth control, sterilization, control of youth, suppression of injustice, peace and war or any other moral issue has been raised. Usually in such discussions the position of the Catholic Church is disregarded. The virtue of the *Daily News* type of policy is that these matters are treated in a Catholic manner, and the influence of the Church in getting its members to conform is brought swiftly home to Catholics and non-Catholics alike.

Experience with the Puritan-owned but Catholic motivated *Daily News* has led not a few Catholic clergy to state frankly their preference for non-Catholic ownership of Catholic newspapers. Removed from any suspicion of interference or censorship by the local Catholic hierarchy, one of the initial drawbacks to a hearing from non-Catholics is obviated and what the *Daily News* states is accepted by them at its face value.

In the conduct of his paper, and herein lies a moral to other Catholic editors who would follow his example, John Callaghan has avoided the pitfall of being overmilitant or offensive. Capable of writing bitter editorials and probing deeply into men and motives, Mr. Callaghan has avoided preaching or capitalizing his victories. Finally, although his paper depends for its success in part on its street sale, he has succeeded in creating interest without appealing to vulgarity or obscenity.

In what to him was his all too brief career as editor of the now defunct *Evening News* of Bayonne, New Jersey, the writer attempted with some success to emulate John Callaghan, and discovered for himself that the *Daily News'* policy was workable in a mixed community of all races and creeds in an industrial city. Until such a time as a subsidized or self-supporting national daily Catholic newspaper can come into existence, any alert Catholic newspaperman with ideals and a sense of proportion can use the *Daily News* as a practical model.

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WHERE LIES RELIEF?

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

IN AN editorial with which it honored a recent article of mine in THE COMMONWEAL ("How Revolution May Be Caused"), the *Catholic Daily Tribune* asks a very pertinent question.

"If both parties," says the editor, "are unable to meet real emergencies, to what body of public men should the people look for relief and reform? We wish Mr. Sands would discuss that point at length in THE COMMONWEAL. Do not fact-politics dictate to make the best of the available legislative bodies?"

Emphatically yes; but we are careless about looking at fact-politics.

I am rather particular to repeat that the solution of what I call a maladjustment between our machinery of government and the American people does not lie in dictatorship nor in Socialism nor in any third party. I cannot make that statement too strong to express my own convictions; and my convictions are derived from close and intimate and personal experience of both dictatorship and Socialism. As far as I am concerned it is not theory. I have learned from personal contact and practice.

I speak of "machinery of government." We have come to think in terms of machinery; machinery-of-government is an intelligible word. Machines are not an end, but are well-balanced and efficient tools to produce a desirable thing with the least expenditure of human labor. In industrial life we have perfected automatic and semi-automatic machines which practically eliminate human labor. In government you can have no such thing. You can speak correctly of machinery of government—but with limitations: there is no automatic or even semi-automatic government. It is precisely there that we have become maladjusted to our system. We have done that in a perfectly natural way. I am by no means standing on a pedestal lecturing my fellow citizens. I am offering the observations of one who has seen every kind of government, every kind of revolution; of one who has had to suppress revolutions, and who has not only taken part in government but has ruled men—which also has a definite meaning. I offer my observations for whatever they may be worth, conscious that they may seem strange to the growing number of those who have come to accept fact-politics as bound up with group-politics and city contracts and fee-splitting. There is a discouraging number of citizens to whom these things are synonymous. It is because of that interpretation of fact-politics that revolution is growing.

There is no such thing as automatic or semi-automatic machinery of government. Our machinery of government was set up by the group of men who went to Philadelphia with a mandate to correct and strengthen the Articles of Confederation, which bound thirteen separate, sovereign commonwealths in an embryonic league of nations—and brought out of that convention a document, a charter, a Constitution with provisions for a federal government, which should have certain "national" contacts, which have grown (mainly by interpretation) into the assumption of national powers. That group of men invented nothing whatever in that document, Mr. Gladstone to the contrary notwithstanding. They had had 180 years of experience and practice of constitutional government in America, under our new and different conditions. Our individual charters were constitutions. In greater or less measure they contained principles for which the ancestors of the federal Constitution makers had fought in their homeland prior to that period of 180 years.

That document, that Constitution, was not intended to set up automatic machinery of government. It was intended to provide a labor-saving tool by which two opposite schools of political thinkers might reach the best results for all. Hence our two party system.

The two parties represent two sets of men using that tool (or machine, to carry on the simile), and the tool or machine was so constructed that each set of men could get its particular results (by intelligent handling) without revolution. We had just come through revolution. We did not want any more. Properly handled our machinery of government can give social justice, which is what we all want, no matter how opposite our ideas may be as to methods of getting it.

Our present two parties originally represented men of opposite views as to the form of government which was to operate, in the best interests of all, under the principles embodied in the Constitution. Now, what happened?

First of all, since the drafters of the Constitution were not authorized to produce any such plan of government, but were expressly delegated by their states for a different purpose, the Constitution had no validity whatever until it was ratified in and by each state. In the American way of thinking of that time, if it was not ratified by a state, it was not valid in that state (*vide* Rhode Island). If it was ratified only by a very small majority, it might be considered to be on trial (*vide* New York). If, while on trial, the new federal government seemed to be assuming powers it was not intended that ratification should confer, it might be challenged (*vide* the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions—and particularly, the authors of those resolutions! *Vide* the Hartford Convention of the New England States sixteen years later, and the Confederate States of America fifty years after that).

Secondly, while political thinkers were still debating over what had been produced by the Philadelphia Convention, about the proper setting up of the machinery

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which was to give the best results with the least complicated labor, and about the proper use of the machine and its limitations—in other words, while the fundamental divergencies which produced two fundamental parties were taking definite and clarified form—most Americans settled down to take possession of the physical, material wealth of the continent and would follow any party or support any government that made wealth easy. When, seventy years after the production of the new charter, civil war flared all over the country, based on a fundamentally divergent principle of government, but inflamed to hatred by a humanitarian principle evoking fanaticism on both sides, a great many Americans had come to look on the Washington government as a semi-automatic machine and the party in power as its foremen.

Thirdly, when a party with its definite ideas of the kind of government it wanted had won the Civil War, tainted the defeated party with "treason," "rebellion" and all manner of hard and debatable names, they settled down for decades of power in a definite line of political thought; with no organized opposition; with no opposing principle.

Fourthly, during that period, after the final exclusion of all other national claimants to territorial rights in the boundaries we had set for ourselves, and with intensive industrial and agricultural growth and improved transportation and communication by land and sea, millions of other peoples came into the continent, and full citizenship was made easy for them. It is nothing derogatory to these newcomers to suggest that most of them did not and could not know anything at all about the system of principles built up here in sweat and blood, or of the machine set up to give the greatest possible opportunity for personal evolution compatible with order and decent neighborly compatibility. It is no unkind criticism to suggest that most of them accepted that opportunity and that political machine of government as something automatic, as something that did not affect them very much one way or another, though there might be something stimulating and exciting in the great vituperative game played in "national" conventions every once in a while, to get possession of the "national" machine and sit with it while it functioned automatically. It is certainly true that when government has no intelligent and organized opposition, it tends rapidly to become corrupt. It is equally true that during the period of our great immigrations both national and municipal government had become foully corrupt, and that both parties must have appeared to newcomers as either groups to be avoided by decent men or cynically accepted as means to private wealth and petty local power.

Fifthly, when the inevitable happened and conditions pinched and government seemed to fail to function in any intelligible manner, it seems natural to me that American citizens who had forgotten the foundations of the American system, as well as American citizens who never knew them understandingly, should think of overthrowing the whole thing and starting something more effective and more responsive to their needs.

If all this be true, I reply that there is no body of public men to whom one may look for relief as one would look to an automatic machine to stamp out a mechanically perfect piece of work. There is, however, a two party system which responds immediately, through the machinery of government, to any fantastic or foolish panacea, or particular class legislation. I argue, therefore, that it will respond equally quickly to any intelligent body of citizens thinking their way through to remedial measures, and coöperating for the common good, for social justice. Therefore, it is not the party system that is at fault, nor the machinery of government, nor its form. None of that is of primary importance. It is our citizenship that is at fault.

"Fact-politics" do, positively, "dictate that we make the best of the available legislative bodies" and put our own house in order. In my own opinion, that cannot be done from "the top," i.e., from Washington, for we are not intended to work our federal Constitution that way. It must come from "the top," i.e., from each community within each state.

There you have the fundamental divergence of American thought: "the top" considered as a "national" government, which the Constitution does not provide; and "the top" considered as each self-confident local community, bound together in common interest in each state, the whole Union of States protected by the federal government but not governed by it. The latter is provided for in the Constitution. The former is provided against in the Constitution. Yet it is the former that we are blunderingly and insistently trying to work.

That is why I suggest that we all take a look at our government, as American citizens rather than as special group interests, and see if this period of enforced leisure is not a good time to study what is the matter with us. It is a good thing to do before organized veterans or organized Socialists or organized ignorance of America destroys America. Change of party by election, or continuation of party in power, will accomplish nothing at all without an understanding citizenship. Putting men back into jobs through the use of tax money, or Reconstruction Finance in any form, while good as far as it goes, solves nothing permanently. The problem is the other way around. "The people" were never meant to look to any body of "public men." Government is not something foreign to us. It is us, ourselves. These are the fact-politics; not the foulness that has accumulated in the machine.

A Mansion of Philosophy

Klein's mansion of philosophy
is not without its taint of scandal;
he leads you through dark corridors—
and then blows out the candle.

RICHARD H. PERKINSON.

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THE RIGHT OF CONQUEST

By HERBERT WRIGHT

THE REPORT of the League of Nations Commission of Inquiry in the Manchurian affair, which at the present writing has been published simultaneously in Geneva and Tokyo, brings to the fore again the remarkable note of January 7, 1932, of the United States government to China and Japan, in which it virtually refused to recognize the "right" of conquest. Of course, strictly speaking, there is no "right" of conquest and no nation which has ever waged a war against a weaker nation with the resultant loss of territory to the latter is likely to admit that it waged a war of conquest. Still conquests have existed and do exist, no matter under what pretext made or under what title maintained. There is scarcely a nation of modern times which has not added to its territory in some such more or less reprehensible fashion.

Nevertheless, the idea that any nation may acquire territory from another nation without at least nominal compensation or formal consent of its former sovereign and the general approval of the world is growing very unpopular. Not that the thinkers of the ages, especially the Catholic moralists, have not always decried conquest as a just cause of war. Saint Augustine denied that conquest could be the proper end of war. Vitoria goes still farther when he says that "extension of empire is not a just cause of war," adding, as if it were a commonplace, "This is too well known to require proof." As the report (1928) of the Catholic Association for International Peace on "International Ethics" puts it:

> The right of a state to self-development must, of course, be exercised with due regard to the rights of other states. It does not justify conquest.

But now governments are beginning to follow the trail blazed by the moralists. There is not space here to follow the process in all its details, but it is possible to point out a few landmarks with special reference to the American hemisphere. In January, 1916, a group of jurists of the twenty-one American republics constituting the American Institute of International Law met at Washington and formulated a document entitled "Declaration of the Rights and Duties of Nations," in which the signatories in their individual capacities agreed that "every nation has the right to territory within defined boundaries" and that "every nation entitled to a right by the law of nations is entitled to have that right respected and protected by all other nations." Of course, this was a private undertaking and therefore was not binding on the governments of the individuals signing.

The Pan-American Conferences had early taken up the question of preparing a code of international law. After numerous delays due to one reason or another, the Governing Board of the Pan-American Union on January 2, 1924, requested the American Institute of International Law to prepare projects of conventions for the codification of international law, for it to submit to the International Commission of Jurists provided for by the Fifth Pan-American Conference held at Santiago de Chili in 1923. Fourteen months later to the very day the American Institute of International Law submitted thirty projects of public international law to the Governing Board of the Union. No. 30 of these projects reads as follows:

> The American republics . . . animated by the desire of preserving the peace and prosperity of the continent, for which it is indispensable that their mutual relations be based upon principles of justice and upon respect for law, solemnly declare as a fundamental concept of American international law, that, without criticizing territorial acquisitions effected in the past, and without reference to existing controversies—
>
> In the future territorial acquisitions obtained by means of war or under the menace of war or in presence of an armed force, to the detriment of any American republic, shall not be lawful; and that
>
> Consequently territorial acquisitions effected in the future by these means cannot be invoked as conferring title; and that
>
> Those obtained in the future by such means shall be considered null in fact and in law.

The Governing Board of the Pan-American Union sent these projects to the governments of the twenty-one republics for submission to the International Commission of Jurists created by the Fifth Pan-American Conference. This commission met at Rio de Janeiro in April and May, 1927, and considered the projects submitted. In order to consider those projects which were exclusively juridical, it decided to lay aside without prejudice fifteen of these projects, because they were political in nature or for other and different reasons. In the number thus laid aside unfortunately was No. 30. However, the mere fact that it was among those projects sent by the Governing Board of the Pan-American Union to the respective governments gives it semi-official recognition.

In the following year, the United States joined with France in the initiation of the so-called Briand-Kellogg Pact for the Renunciation of War. It provided that war be renounced "as an instrument of national policy" and that "the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, which may arise among them, shall never be sought except by pacific means." The pact became formally effective in 1929 and has now been adhered to by sixty-two nations. Although the word "conquest" is nowhere mentioned in the pact, its repudiation is clearly to be inferred from its very terms. For how can there be room for conquest when war is only to be employed in defense against an actual aggressor, and international difficulties are only to be settled by pacific means, that is, by means which are satisfactory to both sides?

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But the United States government note of January 7 of this year makes this inference officially and formally a part of its policy. It notified China and Japan that it would not recognize any situation, treaty or agreement which might be brought about by means contrary to the obligations of the Nine Power Treaty of 1922 and of the Pact of Paris of 1928. Now the first article of the former treaty contains the agreement of the nine powers, including Japan, "to respect the sovereignty, the independence and the territorial and administrative integrity of China." Therefore any acquisition of Chinese territory by Japan, even if made by a process falling short of technical "war," would violate at least the Nine Power Treaty. The position of the United States government was reiterated by Secretary of State Stimson in a letter addressed to Senator Borah, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, on February 23, 1932. This letter adds the following significant statement:

> If a similar decision should be reached and a similar position taken by the other governments of the world, a caveat will be placed upon such action which, we believe, will effectively bar the legality hereafter of any title or right sought to be obtained by pressure or treaty violation, and which, as has been shown by history in the past, will eventually lead to the restoration to China of rights and titles of which she may have been deprived.

The "similar position" referred to in Secretary Stimson's letter was actually taken on March 11, when the action of the United States government was endorsed by the Assembly of the League of Nations at a meeting in which fifty nations were represented. A resolution was adopted unanimously, Japan alone refraining from voting, in which the Assembly declared that

> it is incumbent upon the members of the League of Nations not to recognize any situation, treaty or agreement which may be brought about by means contrary to the Covenant of the League of Nations or to the Pact of Paris.

Herein is embodied almost universal repudiation of the "right" of conquest. As Secretary Stimson stated in an address before the Council of Foreign Relations in New York on August 8, 1932:

> When the American government took the responsibility of sending its note of January 7 last, it was a pioneer. . . . Its own refusal to recognize the fruits of aggression might be of comparatively little moment to an aggressor. But when the entire group of civilized nations took their stand beside the position of the American government, the situation was revealed in its true sense.

Let us hope that the nations will "stick by their guns," metaphorically speaking of course, in their efforts to preserve one of the oldest rules, if not the very oldest, governing international relations, "pacta sunt servanda," and to repudiate one of the oldest pseudo-rights, if not the very oldest, the "right" of conquest.

OZANAM

By P. W. BROWNE

AMONG the many illustrious names that emblazon the scroll of the nineteenth century is that of Antoine-Frederic Ozanam, who was born at Milan in 1813 and died at Marseilles forty years later. Ozanam's career was possibly the most remarkable in the social annals of his time; and the luster of its glory will endure as long as the St. Vincent de Paul Society ministers to the needs of the poor of the Catholic Church.

At the age of eighteen Ozanam went to the University of Paris to study law and letters. He already had traversed a sea of doubt which had threatened to engulf his faith; but escaping shipwreck, he landed in a haven of peace and security.

In France in the winter of 1813 there were violent and portentous assaults, in both the press and literature, upon the ramparts of Christian belief. Montalembert tells us that the attendance of men at a church service was as unpopular as the presence of a Christian traveler at a Mohammedan mosque. Janins and Heines were proclaiming in strident tones the wreckage of Christianity, and announcing its doom. The "Confessions d'un enfant" and the "Souvenirs" of the learned Gratry indicate the sacrilegious cynicism of enemies of the faith. And when Monsignor de Frassinous attempted to introduce a course of religion into the colleges and lyceums of France he nearly caused a riot among the student body.

Such was the condition of intellectual France when Ozanam came to Paris. He found himself spiritually alone at the university. There was no center of religious activity in which he could find a milieu to safeguard his faith and morals. Yet he did not despair. Gifted with the ardor of youth, brimful of hope, and fired with ardent faith, he saw in Catholicism the true solvent of the ills of the world. Notwithstanding the sinister prophecies of pessimists, he was convinced that society was not on the verge of disruption, but visioned the coming years enriched with the Christian spirit.

The thought of a new apostolate fired the enthusiasm of the youth, and he resolved to consecrate himself to the work of religious restoration. To effect this modern crusade which needed neither power nor the sword, he initiated a new chivalry whose activities, by word and pen, should extend to the ends of the earth. There were many students in Paris, sons of Christian mothers, who had been shipwrecked on the shoals of infidelity; and he sought to enroll them under the standard of the new crusade for Catholic thought and action. His earliest efforts met with little response; but he persevered, despite disheartening disappointments.

An inspiration for the furtherance of Catholic principles and Christian social activity were the regular conferences, lectures on philosophy and kindred subjects, given to university students by the Abbé Gerbet, a former editor of *L'Avenir*. Within a brief period a little group formed about Ozanam, who were able to oppose the irreligious teachings of men at the university who availed themselves of every occasion to scoff at religion. They were not demonstrative, but whenever a professor made an overt attack on the principles of faith or morality, a Catholic voice responded in rebuttal with telling effect. Ozanam invariably led the way; and it is recorded that he once forced Jouffroy, the philosopher, to retract certain statements.

Thus fortified, the Ozanam group requested Monsignor de Quelen, Archbishop of Paris, to organize a course of sermons from the pulpit of Notre Dame, which would be an effective reply to the anti-Catholic publications then flooding France and Germany. They even ventured to name Lacordaire as the one

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man in France who was competent to be the protagonist in this style of preaching, he having then broken from the unfortunate De Lammenais. The first request was unsuccessful; but, encouraged by his companions, Ozanam made a second request, in 1835, and the Conferences of Notre Dame thus began.

Lacordaire says that the condition of France at the time was not due to lack of writers or orators, but that they failed to sense the existing situation. Something more than a system of apologetics delimited by merely replying to intellectual objections was needed. That the social question was of paramount importance became apparent to Ozanam and his group. They avoided sterile discussion and "the tumultuous domain of politics." "Why," says Ozanam, "exhaust energy in futile discussions since the social question is of prime importance? This means unquestionably the annihilation of the spirit of egotism, and the inculcation of the spirit of sacrifice." He added: "There are those who possess too much, and there are many who have too little; those who are striving to take what one does not desire to give them. Briefly, there is the power of wealth, and on the other hand, the wail of despair. Our duty as Christians is to intervene, and urge that the wealthy cease to exact, and that equality, as far as it is possible, should supervene; that charity perform what justice seems unable to accomplish."

He appealed to the students of the university to form an organization whose aim should be the alleviation of the burdens of the poor. Out of this appeal there came into existence, in 1883, the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul. In establishing them Ozanam had in mind the Christ-ordained command given to the Church to "have compassion on the multitude" through the instrumentality of Christian charity. Ozanam says: "The salutary lesson to soften tender hearts and to bring to them the needs of the poor lies not only in the splendid exhibitions of our faith but to point out to Christian hearts the wounds of Christ in the requirements of the needy."

After serious checks and many difficulties Ozanam attained his end. The Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul have since been an important adjunct to the activities of the Church in dispensing its charities. Of Ozanam's work Albert de Mun wrote some time later: "It is the workshop where every social worker must serve an apprenticeship."

Thus a young man of twenty became the founder of an institution which brought untold blessings to his native France, and whose beneficent influence has radiated throughout the Catholic world. Notably in our own land, the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul have brought comfort and relief to thousands on whom chill penury has laid its hand.

Sunday

Along the avenues the churches spill
Slow psalms like colors down an autumn hill;
The grocery cat, oblivious of the hour,
Profoundly sleeps upon a bag of flour
While on the sky in regimental block
The yellow buildings march their jagged rock
Clean as a wind and rested and serene
As a lost prayer in a valley green.
Somewhere an autumn leaf of flaming red
Tries to assure the pavement it is dead.
Money has lost its meaning and its power
This brief pervading unrequited hour
Only to lisp its monotone again
High in the hollow of a beggar's cane.

CHARLES A. WAGNER.

ON OLD LETTERS

By JAMES W. LANE

EACH one of us in going through life creates his own little sphere of interest. In this jealously managed organization friends and acquaintances count certainly for not the smallest part. Without them our business sometimes would but immaterially progress; and without them we would hardly keep and cherish letters.

The cherishing of letters is a pleasant foible of mankind in a not wholly affectionate world. As their number mounts, from the same friend or from new friends, a wider and wider expanse of our careers is subsumed. And then when, on some rainy day, we sit and gasp at the mountain of paper, we realize that what was pleasure in storing its component parts away is, now, on the rereading, chiefly foible.

We all change. The "Dear Harry" that was such a warm and luminous appellation for us is cold now, reduced to its conventional meaning, for we no longer hear the voice behind it.

In our careers we cannot stop long for meditation. Friend often shifts inperceptibly into friend, and happy is he or she who has kept one till the *Dies Irae*. But every now and again, upon the recrudescence of old letters—which act as "thank-you-ma'ams" on the way of life—we tick off the milestones and renumber our friends. Each new batch of letters we uncover may show that so-and-so still sends us his pearls of color, romance, charm, devotion and good counsel, but we may also decide that his few epistolary remains are in for a burning.

There may be pangs at this. But a little weeping and a little determination (to burn) will sweep our streets clean. While the glamor of the expressive correspondent was embalmed in his or her mail to us, and while no one else may say what he or she did half so well, for economy's sake and for our soul's, we should forego hoarding it. It bespoke the potential richness, romance and profundity of life, I know, but we must go in for strict simplicity.

I should have to admit of course that life is not simple, radically. Only reason makes it so and resurrects it from "the lower depths." My father used to say that one should have a bonfire of old letters once in every few years. The advice is painful but salutary; painful in that it means the burial of fondness or foolishness from official sight, and salutary because it consigns fondness or foolishness to that place where they will be happiest anyway—limbo.

I have swung the lash perhaps too severely. But the epistles that are kept—what of them? Letters can be spiritual contacts with another soul, itself sympathetic to problems similar, and willing to give of its brilliance, its courage, its love and its wisdom. These are the letters we keep, these the ones that move us the most.

Yet even quality has its price—in closet-room. Of these letters I recommend immediate extinction of all but the fewest. For just as a man who gluts himself on the best meal he has ever had will fail in a month's time to remember what composed the meal or, if remembering, will remember without a mouth-watering avidity, so the letter-keeper will have lost all vital pleasure in his letters and bear in mind only the manner in which he and/or his correspondents changed. And this is saddening.

In the first place correspondents change insensibly. It may be our own lack of charity that causes us to criticize them, or some physical split may have broken the convergence of our paths. At any rate when the familiar handwriting turns up, the old emotion which we gave to the loving study of each

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calligraphic character escapes us, and we get on with the letter in the crispest and most businesslike way. Or, in the second place, we ourselves may have ceased to delight in receiving advice, banterings, epigrams and wit. And upon that ancient epistolary world of ours we realize a light has gone out.

What of the reams of lavender-scented letters that lay in Emily Dickinson's chiffonier? What bales of string were necessary to tie up the missives of Cowper, Lamb and Browning? But all of these—few would deny it—were saved for the editor-biographer's eye. Biographers and editors are notoriously capable of simplification. The use they make of the wastebasket is incalculable. Unless our correspondents, then, are Cowper, Lamb, Browning and the Portuguese Nun all rolled into one, let us make no fuss to save their epistles. Let them go the way of all flesh. Life, as the philosopher says, is not a book to be read twice. Nor are old letters.

COMMUNICATIONS

INFLATION OR HANDS OFF?

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Mr. Bryan's criticism of my article raises so many interesting points—some of them beside the point—that it is almost impossible to answer them, one by one, without taking up too much space in THE COMMONWEAL. I must therefore confine my rejoinder to a few brief paragraphs.

(1) Mr. Bryan points out as the inherent weakness of my argument "the bland assurance that purchasing power flows without let or hindrance into the production and distribution of goods and services," which he calls nonsense and the ragtag of collegiate texts. I will leave it to any attentive reader of my discussion to discover in it such a direct or implied statement. My contention was that a government loan does not create a fresh supply of goods, but only diverts part of the existing supply from private into public use. Since this principle was repeatedly emphasized, it is somewhat difficult to understand how Mr. Bryan could have interpreted it as meaning that money, or purchasing power, always performs the same amount of work.

(2) He takes exception to my statement that from 1920 to 1929 there was a heavy break in the level of commodity prices and that none the less neither industrial activity nor government finances suffered. He prefaces this criticism, however, with the admission that at the end of the last century there was a downward trend of prices in evidence without interfering with our normal economic expansion. No useful purpose can be served merely by wool-gathering, and since my intention was to show that a falling price level does not necessarily involve making worse industrial and employment conditions, Mr. Bryan's remarks only confirm my views.

(3) He imputes to me the contention that a transfer of private funds to the government by means of a national loan issue does not raise the amount or quicken the circulation of money, takes me to task how, then, I can consider a government loan an attempt to raise the general price level, and accuses me of ignorance of economic theories. In defense against this onslaught I again seek refuge in the text of my article, in which not a word has been said that could be interpreted as meaning that a government loan does not create fresh funds.

This criticism appears to be nothing else than a confusion of the two notions, goods and funds. A government, and only a government, can create inflation through excessive loans, and inflation will have a higher price level in its wake. But no government loan ever created an ounce more of any kind of goods. I venture the statement that there is no instance in economic history where an excessive government loan, aside from failing to create more goods, has ever provided a better market for goods, or, in technical language, has increased the actual purchasing power. The post-war inflation in Europe, as well as the present inflation in practically all Latin American countries, signally failed to do so.

(4) Mr. Bryan has not a few warm words for the down-trodden speculator and blames me for using an *ad hominem* argument. Then and there he blandly proceeds to ask the rhetorical question: "Is every business man operating with a line of credit, every corporation financed by funded security issues, every insurance company, every government unit, bonded for public improvements: are all these to be cavalierly dismissed as speculators when a declining price level doubles the burden of their obligations and brings ruin in its train? Are your millions of sturdy workmen to be called speculators, forsooth, when, after having been encouraged to build homes, they find themselves beggared by a mortgage that grows in weight as the price level falls?" For an *ad hominem* appeal Mr. Bryan certainly does not lack vigor nor breath.

He will be surprised to learn that bankers call a company conservative, connoting a commendably sound corporate status and management, when it is free of funded and floating debt. In every industry, excepting the utility and railroad industries, the largest and best managed units have no funded debt at all and only negligible current liabilities, as exemplified in the balance sheets of United States Steel Corporation, General Motors, Du Pont, Eastman Kodak, American Tobacco, General Electric, Standard Brands, Macy, Gimbel, Sears Roebuck, Montgomery Ward, and many others. An electric power and light or a water supply enterprise is usually rated conservative when its funded obligations do not exceed 50 percent of the entire capitalization, because the monopoly character of the undertaking and the nature of its service assure a stable market for its output at highly profitable prices.

A railroad, because of competition from other steam roads, highway and water transportation, pipe lines, etc., no more enjoys the monopolistic character of a public service enterprise, and the present plight of several of our great systems testifies to the perilous effects of a speculative expansion on borrowed money. The St. Louis-San Francisco Railway Company, now on the brink of bankruptcy, is a case in point. It had added enormously to its physical properties and stock interests in other roads, notably the Rock Island, by the simple means of increasing its funded debt. It dissipated its earnings by these acquisitions and by paying out dividends, instead of reducing its debt as did some of the more conservatively managed roads, such as the Union Pacific and Atchison.

If the railroads which are now in receivership or are just keeping clear of it, thanks to Santa Claus disguised as the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, had followed the sound and sane policy of the United States Steel Corporation which retired its $200,000,000 funded debt from surpluses, instead of paying them out to stockholders or engaging in an insane expansion program, our savings banks and life insurance companies and, indirectly, millions of small fry would now have no cause to fear ruin.

Whether the sturdy home, automobile and radio owner, who had been "encouraged" to buy on the instalment plan and has now his partly-paid property taken away from him, is a speculator or a victim cannot be asked in the same breath. We have little sympathy for the Chicago utility magnate who had only

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a tearful admission of his error of judgment to give to his ruined stockholders, but our hearts go out to the small man whose farm or home is foreclosed. That part of the question which relates to government bond issues is, I believe, fully answered in my article, and at this juncture I also refer to the following paragraph.

(5) My article proposed two views: First, that taxation in full should take the place of government loans, and, second, that a rising price level is not necessary to assure normal economic activity and expansion. The first has not even been mentioned by Mr. Bryan, while he seems after all to be in agreement with the latter.

(6) In a recent issue Barron's published the composite views and recommendations of twelve economists, which contain among others the following high lights: The alleged benefits to business from inflation are, in the main, illusory and, such as they are, are obtained primarily at the expense of wage earners and salaried employees. Further increase in commodity prices from the lowest levels recently attained is highly probable if business recovery is not deferred or prevented by inflation. Price control causes progressive confusion and enfeeblement. It cannot be expected to lead us from depression. Loans by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation will not solve the fundamental railroad problems. The agricultural problem cannot be solved by governmental wet nursing.

The common sense and sound quality of such views are becoming more and more accepted, and it looks as though the inflationists, extremely vocal thus far, are losing their prestige. The Bank of England and the British government have so far entirely ignored the Cambridge economists' cry for inflation, despite the sensational agility and journalistic achievement of some of the members of this school of thought. A similar line of action, let us hope, will be followed in the United States.

WILLIAM GIDALY.

SOCIALISM AND CATHOLIC ACTION

Portland, Me.

TO the Editor: After first conceding that "practising Catholics probably may be found today in the membership of the American Socialist party," THE COMMONWEAL ends its editorial of September 7, "Socialism and Catholic Action," with the injunction that "a Catholic should not join the Socialist party." In which two positions there is such a mutual hostility that their simultaneous maintenance is self-evident proof of intellectual dishonesty—that is, of course, if there is any weight in the "should not" of the second statement. For, if a person can be at once a member of the American Socialist party and a practising Catholic, then his simply being a Catholic cannot make it wrong for him to join the Socialist party, as THE COMMONWEAL would have us believe.

But this editorial is not only internally inconsistent, it is inconsistent with the authority to which it many times has reference—the papal encyclical, "Quadragesimo Anno." And how it is this I shall presently attempt to demonstrate.

THE COMMONWEAL infers from the reticence of the Socialist party in the matter of religion that this is indicative of a belief in a false philosophy, manifesting itself in "neglect of religion," and a demand for "submergence of rights in economic life and unlimited rights in non-economic life," which philosophy, of course, is at fundamental odds with Catholicism. But THE COMMONWEAL, unlike the encyclical, fails to face the progressive logic of such an inference. From granting a corresponding description, as being characteristic of Socialism in general, the encyclical on its part concludes that "no one can be at the same time a sincere Catholic and a true Socialist." And it is difficult to see how THE COMMONWEAL itself can escape such a conclusion. However, if its declaration that "practising Catholics probably may be found today in the American Socialist party" collides with the comparatively mild statement that "a Catholic should not join the Socialist party," with how much greater force will it bang up against this conclusion? So if it is difficult to see how THE COMMONWEAL can escape such a conclusion, it is equally difficult to see how it could make it without contradicting itself. Wherefore, it becomes evident that the editorial in question is equivocal, and so is a mere nullity where the consideration is direction: also, that relief from its present predicament is dependent upon its relinquishment of either the stand which has it that it is possible to be a practising Catholic and a member of the American Socialist party, or the stand that its inference from the silence of the Socialist party on the question of religion is a correct one.

Things being so, the question becomes pertinent: Has THE COMMONWEAL any right to consider the silence of the Socialist party in religious matters as being different from that of the other major parties? Why should it be? To point out that Socialism usually connotes a philosophy inimical to Catholicism is to beg the question. We have no interest in the word "Socialism" as a symbol. We are interested in its present and particular significance.

As far as I know, the neglect of the Socialist party to speak much of religion means merely that it has come of age. It is now making a strong bid for popular support, which it can only get by maintaining a strict neutrality in such things. Nor is this change a mere preëlection move. The alleging so can only have its basis in a low estimate of the intelligence of the Socialist party. For in our form of government, popular support is no less necessary to remaining in power than in coming into it; and the neutrality of political parties regarding religion is the wisdom of the age.

So if American Socialism has compromised an anti-religious attitude in exchange for a chance of power, let us accept this compromise. Let us not make our support of that party conditional upon a change in its name. Such a superficiality would be truly a disgrace.

JAMES H. BURKE.

SWORDS OR CHARITY?

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: Reverend George M. Rankin, caviler of your editorial on the bonus rout, lacks two qualities which should distinguish all clergymen—verity of statement and Christian charity. He accuses the bonus army of the "throwing of brick-bats and stones at the police, the secreting of dynamite, the unlawful possession of property, utter contempt for authority, resisting the law, begging to the point of threatening or at least insulting those who refused to aid." It does not require an elaborate analysis of the facts to show that such charges are the result of either carelessness or prejudice.

There were bricks and stones thrown at the police, but by a negligible number of the men, and under the existing conditions, with some provocation. No convincing evidence of the secreting of dynamite has been produced, and it is a significant fact that no dynamite was ever used. What property was unlawfully possessed? The men were given both express and implied authority to use the sites upon which they camped, and not even Messrs. Hoover, Mitchell, Hurley, et al., have attempt-

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ed to support this charge. While there were sporadic cases of begging, and insulting, no facts have been adduced to show that this practice was indulged in on a wholesale scale. Estimates of the number of men present in Washington vary from 8,000 to 80,000. The presence of 500 non-service men in such a gathering is no justification for the attitude assumed by your correspondent.

Under all the circumstances, the ragged, homeless bonus army gave an exhibition of good order and conduct which was astonishing to all fair-minded observers. Arrests were below normal during the army's stay. All the forces of government in Washington have been marshaled in a frantic attempt to justify the President's position, and the net result has been the indictment of three men by the grand jury.

Your correspondent's high point is this: "Perhaps you do not know that the mob spirit engendered by the B. E. F. has since resulted in the murder of two District policemen." No proof is offered, nor can any be supplied to support such a charge.

If we are to conjecture, it might be more reasonable to surmise that petulance and rage at the White House induced some "trusty" to intimate to a complaisant District Commissioner that a call for troops would not be unwelcome. At least, General Glassford insists that troops were not necessary, that he did not request them, and did not know they had been called until long after the order had been given.

We of the District of Columbia know more about what happened than the people of other cities. Many of us in private life, and with no axe to grind, decidedly disagree with your correspondent. We do not defend the attitude of a President whose orders injured hundreds of hungry and ragged men who fourteen years ago were in the trenches, defending their country at the risk of death. Many of us are opposed to the soldiers' bonus, but we will not remain silent when President Hoover turns thousands of helpless, homeless veterans and their families out upon the highways, and then proceeds to attack the character of his victims. Many of us believe that the happiest day for Communism in this country was that upon which the administration thought it necessary to send the Chief of Staff of the United States Army to rout the ragged horde from Washington.

LEO P. HARLOW.

DRESS REFORM

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor: One of the most stirring and most important messages of the period has been issued to the priests of the Toledo diocese from the vicar general of that outstanding diocese in Ohio, in response to a protest from the Toledo Council of Catholic Women.

"A protest of no uncertain tone has reached us concerning the indecencies that are flaunted by scanty and suggestive dress at public and semi-public places for water sports and recreation," the prelate states. He then quotes from this protest from Catholic women of Toledo: ". . . That one of the great evils that beset the youth of today is the indecent dress of women and girls who frequent public bathing beaches and club swimming pools. Bathing beauty contests, swimming exhibitions, participated in by both men and women are nothing short of an insult to those who try to maintain standards of Christian life and truth."

"In season and out of season," emphasizes the vicar general, the Very Reverend John T. O'Connell, D.D., we must "combat with all our means and strength, the almost public indifference to a danger that is an incentive to lawlessness beyond any evils we are facing or can conceive."

The courage and the integrity of character of this group of élite and enlightened Catholic womanhood of the Toledo Council of Catholic Women and their great leader, unafraid of offending influential persons or personages, are noteworthy. Theirs is one of the few isolated examples of Catholic protestation against the debasement of all womanhood. The negative tolerance by most Catholic women's organizations of the "newspapers' glorification of the shamelessness of women," brings out with clearer perspective the real movement of the Toledo Council. As the vicar general declares: "If this serious complaint had come from the clergy, people might assume that it had been prompted by overrigidity in matters of moral conduct or come from antiquated notions that fail to measure conditions of modern life. But it is the protest of women, over the signature of the Toledo Council of Catholic Women, who are admittedly in position to know the unfortunate situation and to estimate the dire results of unrebuked looseness in garb and action, and to give expression to a feeling of revulsion among high-minded, practical Catholics."

"The beauty contest," says the vicar general of Toledo, "is only comparable to the slave market, when men notorious for battening on the desecration of the sacredness of the human body, who appeal to the very lowest in nature, make it the more imperative that we no longer close our eyes to loathsome conditions affecting our Catholic youth, nor palliate in any way the shocking offense to eye and mind that seeks justification in a practice all too general . . . and so insidious that national decency and morality are imperiled."

The writer has given this subject of suitable garb for the bathing beach much study both here and abroad, and the results, from questioning and observation, show that the women who come from several generations of refined background are the women who object to the revealing vulgar suit and to the "unrestrained savagery of the jungle." While those of a lower strata, although in the present generation they may be of social prominence and a certain affluence, are indignant at interference and criticism. Which will be the fittest to survive?

MARY HALL.

SAFEGUARDING THE INVESTOR

Nahant, Mass.

TO the Editor: You criticize the investment banker, but it seems to me that it is rather the system which is wrong. The same man cannot be expected to serve both borrower and lender, whose interests are diametrically opposed. He has bonds to sell which may or may not be good, and of course he sells them. The investor should be able to turn for competent and impartial advice to someone who is free to pick the best in the whole field of investments.

JOSEPH DWIGHT.

THE CAMPAIGN AND ITS MEANING

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Charles Willis Thompson stated in his article, "The Campaign and Its Meaning," which appeared in the current issue of THE COMMONWEAL, that New York State had not gone Democratic for the Presidency in forty-eight years. Mr. Thompson is in error. President Cleveland carried New York in 1892 over Benjamin Harrison by a majority of 45,441 votes.

SCHUYLER N. WARREN, JR.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Nona

IT IS always interesting when, for long years, an artist has worked entirely with one director, to note the changes resulting from new direction and new surroundings. Lenore Ulric was the chief star of the late David Belasco's firmament during the latter years of his life. In "Tiger Rose," in the tremendous chicanery of "Mima," as the boisterous colored heroine of "Lulu Belle" and as the vivacious "Kiki," Miss Ulric seemed to be part and parcel of the Belasco atmosphere. One was never quite sure whether she was an artist in her own right, or an extremely adaptable automaton whom Belasco could mold and direct to the precise reflection of his ideas. Her work, aside from the distasteful character of most of the plays in which she was cast, was frequently entertaining, always acutely alive and occasionally strong. Now she is resting on her own merits.

Her present vehicle is a self-labeled "romantic farce" by Gladys Unger, in which Miss Ulric depicts with considerable vivacity the character of a high-strung dancer—one of those migratory artists who gives dance concerts before the select and elect of the larger cities. The first thing to note is the non-Belasco nature of the play itself. If it were shorn of a few lurid lines, it would be almost Pollyannish in its simplicity. It infers a good many things about Fräulein Nona's past, but so far as her present is concerned, nothing could be more innocuous. She has renounced all men, because one man once hurt her too deeply. She has tantrums of temperament and a peasant's downrightness of speech, but her dancing is her sole love, until she meets a prominent Philadelphian who, for the lark of it, poses as a professional musician and becomes her accompanist.

One of the conditions of the contract is that the accompanist must, under no circumstances, make love to Fräulein Nona so long as he is in her employ. In the course of the concert tour, he adheres so strictly to the letter and spirit of this agreement, and is so sympathetic and attractive withal, that Nona falls head over heels in love with him. The climax comes when the private car of Nona's "company" is snow-bound in the western hills. A quarrel is followed by a reconciliation in a small junction station, and the curtain descends on rumors of wedding bells. Obviously this is a far cry from the "Lulu Belle" or "Mima" type of play in which Miss Ulric nearly always appeared under Belasco. But she manages, none the less, to pack enough flame and temperament into her scenes to give it some of the Bohemian flare which hovers about the traditional artiste. Miss Unger has added a few lines here and there to appeal to the sophisticated taste. So much for the play—which is indifferent farce, tepid romance and quite unimportant except for its leading actress and for Arthur Margetson, an English actor, in the leading male rôle. The more important and interesting matter is Miss Ulric's own work minus Belasco coaching.

She has lost nothing of her vivacity. She can and does make herself the center of all eyes every instant she is on stage. That quality seems to be inherent. But what she pitifully lacks, at least under her new director, Burk Symon, is a sense of proportion, timing and emphasis. She has almost no reserve strength, attempting to achieve climaxes solely through a torrent of words and motions, rather than through sudden and overwhelming emphasis. The natural husky quality of her voice is such that it cannot rise to a very high pitch of intensity. She should, therefore, pitch most of her dialogue in a restrained key so as to provide adequate contrast for the vehement scenes. The same thought applies to her movements and gestures which now have little or no variety, and practically no repose. Belasco, whatever his outstanding faults, was an unerring showman in his appreciation of contrast. He would never, I am sure, have permitted the perpetually fast and disordered pace of Miss Ulric's present work. One has only to recall, for example, the beautifully modulated performance of Eugenie Leontovich as the temperamental dancer in "Grand Hotel" to see the difference between reserve strength well used and Miss Ulric's steady outpouring of emotion. The parts are similar, yet one carried full conviction whereas the other carries only confusion.

Miss Ulric is so indubitably talented that one cannot but regret the constant waste of her ability, first in the type of plays which Mr. Belasco selected for her, and now in the lack of directing control. One might say, of course, that her present method is her own fault. But few of our best actors are able to direct themselves. Most of them cannot possibly get a true perspective on their own work, except in the rare cases of intuitive genius. They must rehearse against the coldly appraising eye of a director. If that eye is too indulgent, their work suffers, either through permitting mannerisms or through failing to achieve variety and pace. (At the Avon Theatre.)

Wanted—the Informal Theatre

NEW YORK—and all American cities reflect New York's habit—suffers from an acute lack of informal entertainment. Our concerts are formal and stiff. Our theatres give only full length plays. There is no place where one can "drop in" during the course of an evening, perhaps after a late dinner, and be sure of receiving stimulating entertainment of a representative theatrical or musical nature. At times, I have had a dream of such a place. Let me describe it—in the hope that some enterprising manager may take up the idea.

It is a medium-sized theatre with ample lobby space, where one can sip a cup of coffee or retire for a soothing cigarette. A good showman is in charge of the stage proceedings—an American Balieff, if you will, whose informality is persuasive. He varies his offerings from week to week, but includes always one or two good musicians or singers, and possibly a dancer of unusual ability. They provide the interludes of a continuous evening performance. The main bill of fare consists of clever one-act plays, comic or tragic or even musical, in which well-known stars, temporarily unengaged, have a fling at playing the kind of parts in which managers never cast them. Every actor has a longing to escape the evil of "type" casting. At this theatre, whose bill might be called "The Out-of-Type Review," you might see Katharine Cornell do an act from "Anna Christie," or Pauline Lord do a French Marquise of the Versailles court or Walter Hampden do an Italian Punchinello comedy. The unexpected would be the rule. Every week new stars in parts we have never seen them in. And you can drop in at any time, late or early, and stay or leave as the spirit moves you. The master of ceremonies always makes you at home. There is only one rule. You cannot move about the aisles during an act. But if you think you won't like the next act—well, there is always coffee in the welcoming lounge, and another act, later on, that you are sure to like. Will someone open this theatre soon?

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BOOKS

The Gentleman from Indiana

Beveridge and the Progressive Era, by Claude G. Bowers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE was the idol of countless boys and youths in the first decade of this century. Above all his contemporaries he seemed destined for the Presidency, but the enmity of the machine politicians in Indiana and untoward world events changed the political current, and his departure from the Senate in March, 1911, ended his career as an office-holder. The days of the giants were over and thenceforth mediocrity was to be served.

His friends and those who admired him from afar are indebted to Claude G. Bowers for a masterly biography, in which he has deftly and brilliantly recorded the life and work of Senator Beveridge and given us in winged words the history of his times. It was a work awaiting someone's hand, and none could have done it better than the gifted author of "Jefferson and Hamilton" and "The Tragic Era."

Beveridge was born in Ohio in 1862 while his father was in the Union Army. His environment inevitably fixed his political affiliations and bred in him that intense nationalism which he was to advocate in his earlier years in politics. After the war the Beveridge family was hard pinched by poverty, and the future Senator worked long hours as a farmhand at twelve and in a railroad section gang when fourteen years old. One of his outstanding speeches in the Senate was on the evils of child labor. Borrowing the money to enter De Pauw University he earned his way through college, one important source of revenue being the oratorical prizes which he consistently won. In later life he was the greatest orator of his time. His talents and industry early won him distinction at the Indiana bar and he was elected United States Senator at the age of thirty-six.

The great issues raised by the Spanish-American War were then before the Senate, and Beveridge took a leading part in their discussion and settlement. He was an imperialist and the major prophet of "Manifest Destiny." Having previously journeyed to the Philippines and the Far East to study the situation at first hand, his first speech in the Senate was on our duties in regard to our newly acquired possessions. This brought him at a stroke into national prominence, and it was of this speech that "Mister Dooley" said "you could waltz to it."

Mr. Bowers gives us the story of Beveridge's subsequent career in the Senate with Sargent-like portraits of the leaders and adequate treatment of the issues of the time. Soon Beveridge was recognized as one of the outstanding personalities of the upper House, and he was an ardent supporter of President Roosevelt in a body where the Old Guard was in control and hostile to the man in the White House. Beveridge fought for a national child labor law, the meat inspection law and railroad rate regulation. Mr. Bowers details the fight of Beveridge and the Progressive senators against the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill, during the Taft administration. This measure was contrary to the Republican platform and a gross repudiation of Taft's campaign promises. Finally the bill passed. But in signing it Taft signed his own political death warrant.

Beveridge returned to Indiana to campaign for reëlection, but the anti-administration tide was strong, and a Democratic legislature was elected.

The Progressive party was founded in 1912. Beveridge, at first reluctant to join the movement, finally entered into it with enthusiasm. He delivered one of his greatest speeches as temporary chairman of the Progressive Convention, and when Roosevelt was shot at Milwaukee Beveridge abandoned his own campaign for Governor of India to fill Roosevelt's speaking engagements. The Progressive party was born of the issues of the hour under the leadership of Theodore Roosevelt. But four years later the great passion for social justice which it represented was rendered impotent by the war spirit. Intent on getting the United States into the war, Roosevelt was anxious to return to the Republican party which he seemed to think could be used as an instrument against the pacifist policies of Wilson. Beveridge disagreed with this policy. He felt we should stay out of the war.

Hughes was nominated by the Republicans, and Beveridge was called on to campaign for him. This he did earnestly and effectively, but nothing could save the candidate and his managers from their own ineptitude. The people wanted peace, and Hughes could not satisfy them as to whether he was for peace or war. So Wilson was elected.

Beveridge then put politics aside and went to work on his monumental biography of John Marshall, which won him the Pulitzer prize and election to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. It is his greatest monument and will perpetuate his name.

In 1922 he was persuaded by his friends to run again for the Senate. He won in the primaries but was knifed at the polls. In no wise dispirited, he commenced work on his biography of Lincoln. Beveridge's research speedily disillusioned him as to the Lincoln myth of the school history books. He had completed the story of the Douglas-Lincoln debates when death halted his hand. He was sixty-four years old, but to his friends and admirers he seemed ever young. He had entered public life when men looked to the future with courage and hope and when the promise of American life lay bright before them. When he died, cynicism was abroad in the land and stupidity and greed were in the saddle.

Mr. Bowers has written a biography which will enable unborn generations to know the gallant gentleman from Indiana as his contemporaries knew him, his noble character, his fine intelligence, and they will recognize in him that spiritual and intellectual distinction which makes men truly great.

JOHN F. CURRAN.

The Mystery of the Pacific

Easter Island, by Robert J. Casey. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. $4.00.

A FEW years ago Professor Macmillan Brown published "The Riddle of the Pacific," in which the thesis was advanced that the statutes on Easter Island were monuments put up by a people whose homeland had been submerged. This homeland was the archipelago known in Easter Island tradition as Motu Matiro Hiva. It had wealth, organization, a subject population; its rulers resolved to make the barren place, Rapa Nui which we know as Easter Island, the cemetery for its conspicuous dead. They landed a slave-population and they kept them in subjection by controlling the food supplies which were not grown on but brought to the island. The dominant race with their control of slave-labor had the statues which ringed it, and which have been overthrown since the European discovery of the island, cut out and put up; they were arranging great avenues of statues and raising platforms on which to place them when the catastrophe came on their own land. On Easter Island the population downed tools, and since that time they have never achieved any discipline or any social order. Such is

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one explanation of the mystery of these great images. They were made out of material that was easily worked; it did not require many workers nor a great deal of time to cut out in a crater workshop statues that weighed even thirty tons. But it did require many workers to transport them and raise them on their platforms, and the beams and rollers by which they might have been transported could not have been obtained on the island—there are no forests and there were never any forests there.

And now I come on "Easter Island" by Robert J. Casey. This is a narrative which takes me from Tahiti 3,000 miles to "that spike of rock rising up sheer 12,000 feet from the floor of the ocean," which is Rapa Nui or Easter Isand. Half way between is Manga Reva: it is an archipelago which consists of a coral reef surrounding half a dozen extinct volcanoes. And here are a great church with a monastery and lesser churches; a population of under five thousand people accomplished, under the direction of a mad missionary, the immense labor they represent. And so I am made to realize that it would require only one man's directive energy to have the statues on Easter Island cut out, transported, and set up on the platforms which, in themselves, required a great deal of skill and labor to build. Easter Isand, according to the survey of this writer, could have supported at one time a population of over five thousand. As to their having no directing class, he reminds us of what happened when the Peruvians raided the island to get labor for their guano fields. A thousand islanders were kidnapped. "Among the men thus captured were numerous savants or *maoris,* scores of the royal line and the last of the *ariki*—the great chiefs. . . . The long line of kings was broken." With the memory of the works on Manga Reva and the dispersal of Rapa Nui's directing class, the images on Easter Island become, not less mysterious, but less inexplicable.

Robert J. Casey is able to give us the sense of mystery that surrounds these strange memorials on that "one pinnacle about which spin the empty horizons. He brings this scene to us: "One stands by a statue thirty feet high, unable to reach the chin with one's outstretched hand, and is conscious not of the stone god's size but of one's own littleness. . . . The observer is aware almost instantly that much of the effect of these weird faces lies in the fact that they are not like anything else under the sun. The foreheads are high and receding. The brows protrude and cast deep shadows into the recesses that serve to represent the eyes. The nose is long, narrow and slightly upturned. The lower jaw is long, massive and square. If any such creatures ever went about the world in the flesh they have long since vanished from the ken of the ethnologist."

This writer accepts the theory that there were islands adjacent to Rapa Nui, and that these islands were submerged, but he gives no credence to the notion that there was a large population on them, or that they were in any sense of the word a center of empire. The movement that brought people to Rapa Nui was the ordinary Polynesian emigration—it only needed a chief defeated in war to start the emigration of the kind that went through the Pacific for hundreds of years. The leader of this particular emigration is named Hotu Matua in the islanders' tradition; he took his people off in large boats, each long enough to carry 150 persons, with food and water supplies, plants, seeds and fowl. It was this leader who, according to Robert J. Casey's guess, had the directive energy to have the images cut out and set up on the platforms built for them. The five hundred could have been chiseled out and erected in forty years—during the lives of the first generation of immigrants. The writer dramatizes the life of the great sculptor who

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NEXT WEEK

POLITICS, by Charles Willis Thompson, carries on the news of battle as painlessly as possible. Paradoxically the public seems to dread the subject of politics, yet is sincerely interested in it. No doubt much of the dread arises from the fact that individuals are prone to vent various spleens on, and attribute various of their own nebulous anxiety states to, political figures. The latter become huge, cloudy symbols of the cause of all that's wrong, or all that's right. Strong, indeed patriotic, emotions are thereby aroused and friends finding themselves politically opposed, are apt to clash in a way unhappy for themselves and miserable for others. Mr. Thompson from long experience with partizan politics as a newspaper man in contact with both camps during many a heated campaign, preserves, we believe, a good-humored impartiality. He observes and reports on the entire range of activities without fear or favor or unbalanced emphasis. . . . FATHERS OF DEMOCRACY AND PROHIBITION, by George Holladay McKee, goes back to first principles and cases (yes, we mean cases, lots of them and good ones) on a topic that disturbs the peace out of all proportion and that calls for quick and intelligent settlement. . . . EDISON AND RELIGION, by John F. O'Hagan, is an intimate recital by one who knew Edison well. . . . SYLLABUS FOR SOCIAL JUSTICE, by Frank A. Smothers, tells of teaching in the Catholic classrooms of America the fundamentals of social justice. . . . THE CHURCH IN DANGER IN MEXICO, by Frank C. Hanighen, probes authoritatively a festering point.

did the work, and pictures the guild of artizans with their grass cables, and slender tree-trunks bound together, and mud-slides, transporting and setting the thirty-ton images upon their platform.

The end-papers of "Easter Island" reproduce an illustration from "Voyage de La Pérouse autour du Monde." Here are the treeless slopes of Easter Island and grouped along them are natives and mariners, all mild and kindly-looking. An officer with cocked hat and powdered hair is reclining beside some shrubs, and near him are women with bare bosoms and hanging hair and that look of unperfidousness which gentlemen with powdered hair expected to find on the countenances of children of nature. Across from this group and balancing it is a platform on which great and unequal sized figures are erected. An officer seated on the middle step of the platform is turning his head to where his colleague, standing on the top step, is reaching with a rod to the chin of one of the stone figures the top of whose head is out of the picture. The other figure has on a hat of stone; his chin and nose project, and in his whole expression there is animosity and disdain. Charming as a composition, it reveals that that man of good intentions, La Pérouse, brought an excellent artist with him on his voyage round the world. The design, I feel, would commend itself to Gaugin—but how suggestively those great stone images would appear beside his flower-garlanded islanders! Now as I recall such pictures I see women with that look which Gaugin only had the insight to seize—a look of isolation, of alienation from almost all that has gone to make our own spiritual history. The real mystery of the Pacific is in the spiritual history of these neolithic ocean-dwellers. *Tapu!*—it is the one word of theirs that we have adopted; it means allotted to the gods, and therefore, reserved and hidden. Always there was much that was consciously and carefully reserved in the lives of the Polynesians—placed under a strict *tapu*. And we have not learned the word that brings the loosing of the *tapu: Amama!*

PADRAIC COLUM.

Life in Soviet Russia

The Conscription of a People, by the Duchess of Atholl. New York: Columbia University Press. $2.50.

THIS is one of the most interesting and instructive books that has yet been written on the Five-Year Plan, and the economic policy of the Soviet government. Not only did the Duchess have at her disposal sources of information denied to the general public, but she has condensed this information in such a manner as to present a clear view of conditions in Russia. She brings out the fallacy of arguments used in favor of Stalin and his followers, by people who have only seen what they were meant to see. In moderate tones she writes of what she knows to be facts, and supports her contentions with figures. She states, for instance, that "while production and exports according to the Communist party are steadily mounting, they are in striking contrast with the condition in which the Russian people find themselves." Undernourished, ill-clothed and miserably housed, they are toiling to make and export agricultural produce or manufactured goods they urgently need themselves.

The Duchess tells us that her purpose in writing her book is to make known to the general public the contents of a Blue Book published early in 1931 by the British government. This selection of "Documents Relative to Labor Legislation in Force in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics" conclusively proves that compulsory labor exists on a grand scale in Russia.

The Russian Correctional Labor Code of 1930 decrees that

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every person sentenced to imprisonment for a short term, is to be given forced labor for the time of his sentence. The various types of institution to which persons "deprived of personal liberty" might be sent include special places of isolation for those not belonging to the working class and correctional, transitional, and juvenile labor centers for working-class offenders. Among the former are the *kulaks,* or rich peasants, whom the Soviet government tries to drive out of existence and whom it has branded with the stigma of supposed wealth, arbitrarily imposed on them by Soviet officials in order to foster "class war" in the villages. Those unfortunate people are sent to convict lumber camps, chiefly that on the Solovetsky Islands in the White Sea. Officers from the White armies taken prisoners in the civil war and bishops and priests of all confessions are also imprisoned there. All these people have been turned into slaves, real slaves. Workers, although supposed to be the favorites of Soviet rule, have also been conscripted in as drastic a manner as the peasants, the *kulaks* and the members of the former upper classes. Even deported children from the age of twelve are compelled to labor.

The Soviet government is indulging in widespread exploitation of the labor of all those it has sentenced to prison on the most futile pretexts. And there is a rapidly increasing conscription of the labor of all men, women and children, under regulations so framed as to extort the last ounce of effort from an undernourished population. It is openly stated that this conscription is to continue.

As a remedy for this deplorable condition, the Duchess calls on public opinion to limit credits to Russia, and on foreign governments to refuse to sell to Russia any kind of armament, or machinery which could be used for making them. She warns us that unless all countries prohibit Soviet imports, dumping of products obtained by forced labor is bound to be intensified. Her appeal cannot fail to move those who read it. Surely those who have any feeling for humanity must respond.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

Very Unenglish

Hindoo Holiday, by J. R. Ackerley. New York: Viking Press. $2.50.

EVERY once in a while a book falls softly from the groaning presses like a ripe and delicious fruit from an overladen tree. Such a book is "Hindoo Holiday." This is not a novel, but the vivacious journal of a passage to India by a young Englishman hired by an incredible Maharajah to act as private secretary and tutor to an unteachable two-months old son. As a matter of fact His Highness had a secretary already, but felt that the empire in the person of the ubiquitous P. A. (Political Agent) would prefer a label whereas he, the Rajah, merely wanted an English friend.

Thus we are introduced to an India which is not that of Kipling or that of Katherine Mayo or even that of Mr. E. M. Foster, though Mr. Ackerley resembles the last in the half-amused, half-affectionate sentiment which he cherishes toward the native. Rather we have an India which is partly Gilbert and Sullivan, and partly that of the author's juvenile but finely adjusted mind. The Maharajah himself with his colored turbans and flowered coats, his childish curiosities and freakish moods, his longing to be loved for himself, is a figure from one of the Savoy operettas.

"Have you read Spencer's 'First Principles'?" is his first question to his new secretary. "It is very important. . . . Is there a God or is there no God? That is the question. Spencer

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says there is, Lewes says no. So you must read them, Mr. Ackerley, and tell me which is right."

A little later: "Have you read 'The Eternal City' by Hall Caine?" In addition to being concerned about the existence of the Deity and the art of Sir Hall Caine, His Highness contrives to take an interest simultaneously in Greek temples, Greek friendship, the structure of "Quo Vadis" and the Stuart kings.

If the portrait of the Rajah is fantastically sympathetic, that of Abdul Haq, Mr. Ackerley's Moslem tutor, "thin, stiff, with toes turned out . . . bearing an umbrella," is almost painfully realistic. Abdul is the essence of all the various species of bore one has ever known rolled into one maddeningly persistent figure. The worse he gets the better one likes the book, so exceedingly well done is it and he.

But Abdul is the only unpleasant character in a book where one does not know which to admire more, the keen and unobtrusive humor of the author or the tenderness of his sympathy for the alien people so long exploited by his empire. Reading "A Hindoo Holiday" is like penetrating an India of enchanted palaces and gentlemen of caste walking around in superb turbans and no collars and socks. It is like reading Kipling with more than a dash of Lewis Carroll. Mr. Ackerley's tolerance along certain lines achieves a moral beauty which is itself almost classic, and which is never allowed to degenerate into the mawkish or the ambiguous. His book is exotic and charming.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

Clear Poetry

Bright Harbor, by Daniel Whitehead Hicky. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.00.

DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY is one of our young American poets whose work will not be neglected. At its best it has a natural felicity, crystalline clearness in simple, compelling measures, often in sonnet form. He speaks affectionately of the litttle things of unspoiled nature, particularly in our South, and through this book, like the murmur of surf in the wind, are nostalgic refrains of the sea. So much is beautiful and is to be enjoyed.

Another constant theme, however, is the too familiar pagan sadness at the ephemeral quality of human life, though the birds and the bees and the buttercups go on living. This may be excused on the grounds of youth, as it is a common melancholy in which youth indulges itself in spells, but it is an unfortunately shallow and sentimental theme for a poet of such brilliance. Its corollary of ascribing not anthropomorphic qualities but superior traits to the unconscious things of nature, as

> "Beloved, and what are we
> But less than the dark quiver of a flower,"

certainly falls a little lower than the appreciation of man's high romance as a reflective creature. The writer fails, for instance, to do complete poetic justice in "Sailors' Women," for the Spanish girls he describes would have not only the earthy joys and sorrows he gives them but also an appreciation of the mysteries of the soul in its relation to the Infinite, and some of the homely common sense of their faith. And the preciocity of "For a Poet's Bride," which begins, "Spread sunlight on his toast, and spread it thickly," should be leavened by some of the beautiful lyrical realism typical of, say, the poetry of Alice Meynell. There is a glory in true manliness and womanliness which this poet has seemingly yet to discover; and when he does make the discovery, we may expect from so sensitive an observer and so competent a singer, poetry of outstanding merit.

FREDERIC THOMPSON.

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Sir Walter Scott

The Waverley Pageant; edited by Hugh Walpole. New York: Harper and Brothers. $4.00.

MR. WALPOLE has never made any secret of his affection for Sir Walter, but he was well advised to undertake broadcasting the truth about the matter during the present centenary year. His book is both an anthology and a commentary. Passages from the novels are grouped under a number of heads which allow the realism and creative power which the editor thinks primarily important in Scott to be revealed. It is an excellent idea, both because it affords entertaining reading and because it should go far to compel a wide rereading of the books as a whole. Mr. Walpole's own commentary is sensible and perceptive. His heart is on his sleeve, to be sure, but he has as much critical intelligence as one could desire.

The following passage is so characteristic and so valuable that it merits quoting: "Is not that marvelous picture of Combray in the first volume of Proust excellently paralleled with the wonderful picture of Edinburgh at the beginning of 'Midlothian'? Although neither Proust's novel nor Scott's is historical, yet both are pictures of a dead and gone world. Both men are remembering their childhood, recalling a world that stretched out of a sort of fairy twilight into their own recollected infancy. And is not the fierce realism of Scott's Porteous Riots as aesthetic as the violet shadows of Proust's colored glass in his church window? When beyond this we come to the peopling of a world, Scott surely has the advantage."

A book which contains one passage so rich in vitamins was worth doing. But there is no dull, worthless passage in it.

PAUL CROWLEY.

Irish Realism

The Saint and Mary Kate, by Frank O'Connor. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

ON THE surface Mr. O'Connor seems another O'Flaherty in carrying on the revolt against the saccharine sentiment of former Anglo-Irish literature; but save when he stretches the tenets of realism too taut, this author is *sui generis*. He brings his own gifts, prime among which is to draw characters who live as individuals, well-sounded and well-realized.

In the tenements of Cork we meet Phil Dinan and Mary Kate McCormick, the protagonists. He is one of those young men not infrequently found in Ireland, with a barbarous gift of self-immolation, seeking but to fight and fall in the abysm of some war. His mother's death makes him "take to religion," in its more mournful aspects only—the "fidgets" as Mary Kate calls them. Though he loves the girl, he shows cowardice in facing the responsibilities of the married state, becomes anti-social and ends a bum wandering the roads. Mary Kate, whose deep womanly instincts do not reveal her a type ready to change her affections facilely to another, is left to face crabbed spinsterhood. Between the lines one sees that both are victims of the unrest of Ireland's youth caused by her civil war, which shocked the national consciousness to its roots, and of which Cork was the cockpit.

The author unfolds a picturesque panorama of Irish life, with colorful characters of tradesmen, tramps and tinkers whose prayers and maledictions are in the rich and abundant idiom of the Irish southland. The rich flashes of native humor that save the race in its darkest hours light up the tragedy, and make the poverty less drab. It is a novel of power and tenderness, and the author shows a deep understanding of his people.

THOMAS F. HEALY.

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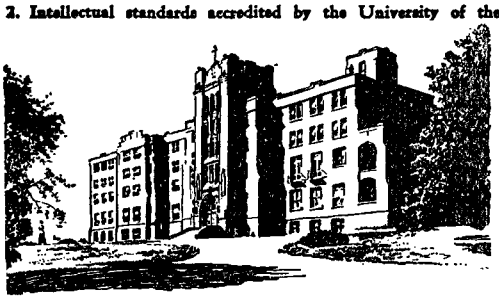

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Of THE COMMONWEAL, published weekly, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1932, State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared John F. McCormick, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE COMMONWEAL and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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JOHN F. McCORMICK,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1932.

MARY L. COONEY,
(My commission expires March 30, 1934.)

Briefer Mention

Letters of Charles Dickens to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts; edited by Charles C. Osborne. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50.

CHARLES DICKENS wrote a great many letters to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who was one of the wealthiest and most philanthropic people of her time. Some of these were copied by Mr. Osborne before the correspondence as a whole went the way of all flesh and landed in the United States. These copies, not a few of which are fascinating, are now published together with an introduction setting forth the numerous virtues and quirks of the Baroness. In all truth she must have been a charming feminine version of Napoleon, who made a friend of Queen Victoria and gave away no end of money—which, to be sure, she persistently rolled in. Her attitude toward English Protestantism was of the adulatory kind which used to be threatened with indigestion at the very mention of the horrors of the Papacy. Dickens seems to have admired her quite sincerely. He was also forever suggesting charitable opportunities to her. The best of the letters are those which deal with the great novelist's plan for reclaiming fallen women, with whose sad lot he had long been in sympathy.

The Elements of the Spiritual Life, by F. P. Harton. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

WRITING to give the Anglican Communion a "comprehensive study of the Christian spiritual life," Father Harton has written a study of ascetical theology which is in many ways one of the finest single volumes on this subject to have appeared in English. The author draws to a very considerable extent upon the Ignatian and Sulpician methods, both of which he discusses with exemplary clarity and charm. There is so much goodness and beauty in the volume that one's heart is filled with gratitude to know that the "works of God" are so manifest even outside the boundaries of the one, holy Catholic Church. But we would single out for particular notice the sections on repentance and sacramental penance, which are so definitely in the "great tradition" that nothing better could be desired. There is a very interesting introduction to the volume by the Bishop of Colombo.

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